

KCC

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January 1943

10c

Calling All GIRLS

*Beginning
the Exciting
New Serial*

HAUNTED APARTMENT

by MARGARET SUTTON

Author of

JUDY BOLTON
MYSTERY STORIES

COMICS
STORIES

Movies

FASHIONS

Gadgets
Good
Looks

Etiquette
THINGS TO DO



Merry Christmas!

THAT'S a time-worn greeting, to be sure, but I do most earnestly wish that Christmas may bring much happiness to every reader of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

I've heard it said that the horror of war has cast such a dark shadow over the world that this year we'll have no heart to celebrate this happiest of holidays, that the absence of our fathers and brothers and friends in the service, and the restrictions on our gifts and parties will make us sad instead of glad. We shouldn't feel that way. This is the season to count our blessings, and they are many.

First and foremost, of course, is the fact that we live as *free people*. Think of the plight of the girls and boys of Poland and Czechoslovakia, of Norway and Denmark and Holland and Belgium, of unhappy France . . . living in constant fear, cold and hungry, their possessions stolen by the conquerors, their homes destroyed and their families enslaved. Think of the young Germans and Italians and Japanese, their rights as individuals denied forever, pledged before they were born to the inhuman machine of totalitarianism. And then consider what it means to be an American or a Canadian girl, with freedom to think as you please, to worship in your own way, and to choose your own friends, and one day to have a voice in your own government.

That's what our men in the armed forces are fighting for, that's why war plants are going full blast, with thousands of workers on day and night shifts, that's why we at home are investing every penny we can in war savings, and accepting cheerfully any and all necessary sacrifices . . . in order to preserve our freedom and security.

If, this year, Christmas morning doesn't bring *all* the presents we hoped for, with such things as bicycles off Santa's list for the duration, and if there are gaps in the family circle around the tree, and we're given war savings stamps or certificates instead of money we might spend, let's not be disappointed. Instead, let's be more thankful than ever and let's do our best to make this holiday celebration a truly happy one.

Again . . . a Merry Christmas to you!

MARGARET E. JESSUP, *Publisher*.

The Girl on the Cover

THIS month she is Dolores Conlon, 14 years old. Dolores is a teenie-weenie, and she looked much younger than her age. The famous Conover Model Agency in New York City always called her to pose for little girl pictures, and was Mr. Conover surprised one day a few months ago when an entirely changed Dolores walked in! Overnight she had blossomed into a smooth 'teener just by wearing the right clothes and make-up. Now she is classified as a glamorous sub-deb, and she certainly looks it as photographed in natural colors by William Ward for the cover of this issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. Note the eye-catching (and cold-defying) "Snowee Set" . . . cap and mittens of Timme Plush with gay felt appliques, styled by Sonya . . . and observe that with it Dolores wears Tangee Medium Red Lipstick.



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WHEN SONJA WAS SIX, SHE LOVED TO DRESS UP AND DANCE FOR HER FAMILY AT THEIR HOME IN OSLO, NORWAY.

WATCH, MOTHER, SOME DAY I'M GOING TO BE A GREAT DANCER.

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU BALLET SLIPPERS INSTEAD OF SKATES.



A YEAR LATER, SONJA WON THE CHILDREN'S COMPETITION IN OSLO.

SONJA IS VERY PROUD OF THE SILVER PAPER KNIFE SHE WON AS THE PRIZE.

SHE'S GOING PLACES!

LIEF WAS RIGHT. WHEN SONJA WAS NINE...

MISS SONJA HENIE, CHAMPION OF NORWAY!

WE MUST SCHEDULE YOUR PRACTICE HOURS EVEN MORE CLOSELY NOW.

I WANT TO GO ON STUDYING BALLET, TOO, FATHER.

YOU MUST GO ABROAD FOR MORE ADVANCED SKATING INSTRUCTION

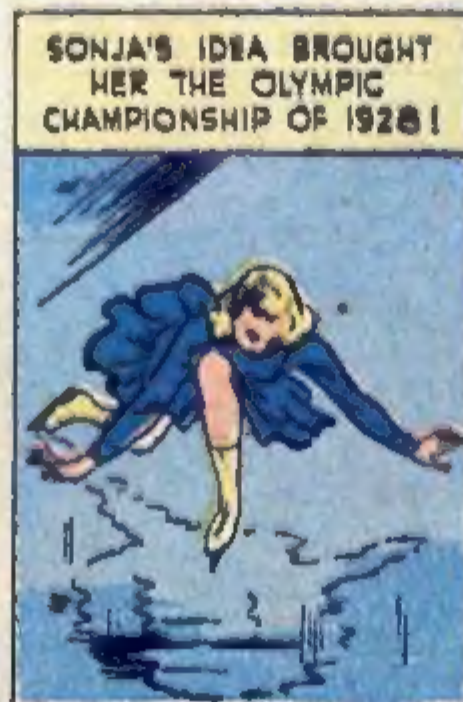
THEN NO MORE SCHOOL! I'LL HAVE TO DO ALL MY LEARNING FROM TUTORS.

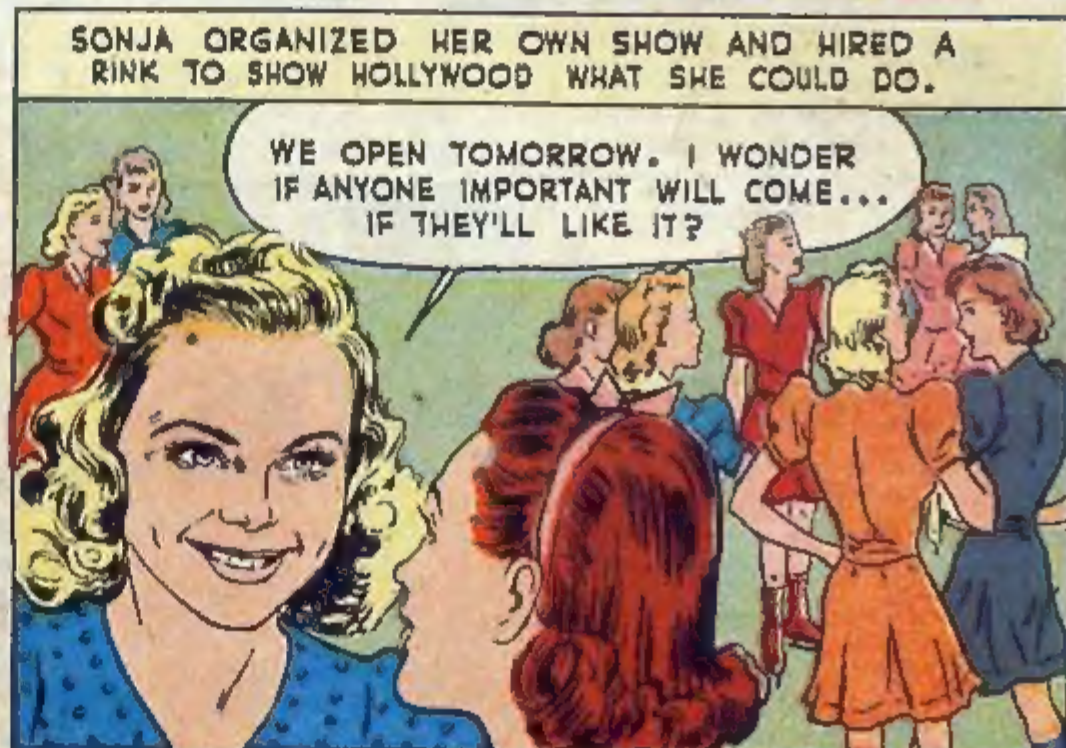
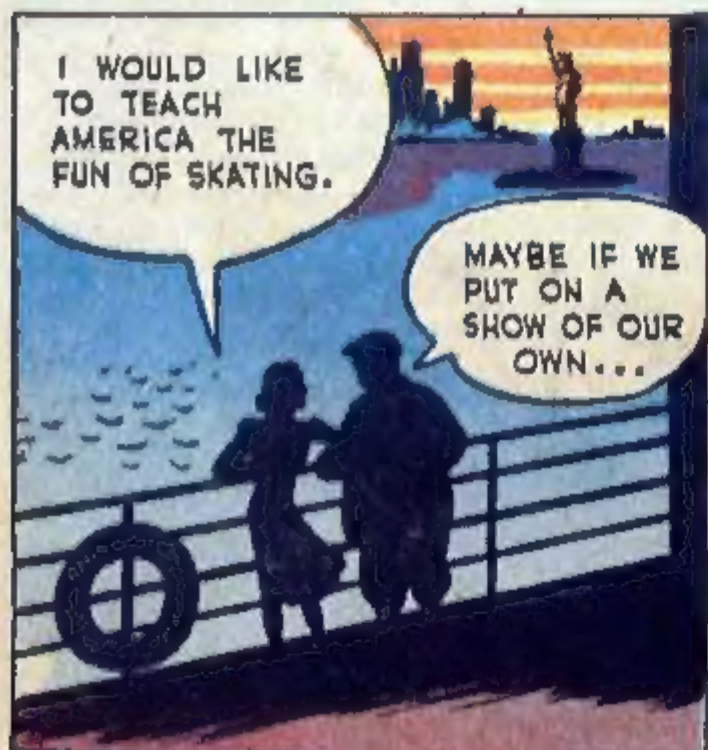
TWO YEARS LATER...

DADDY, THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE TO BE IN OSLO. COULD I ENTER?

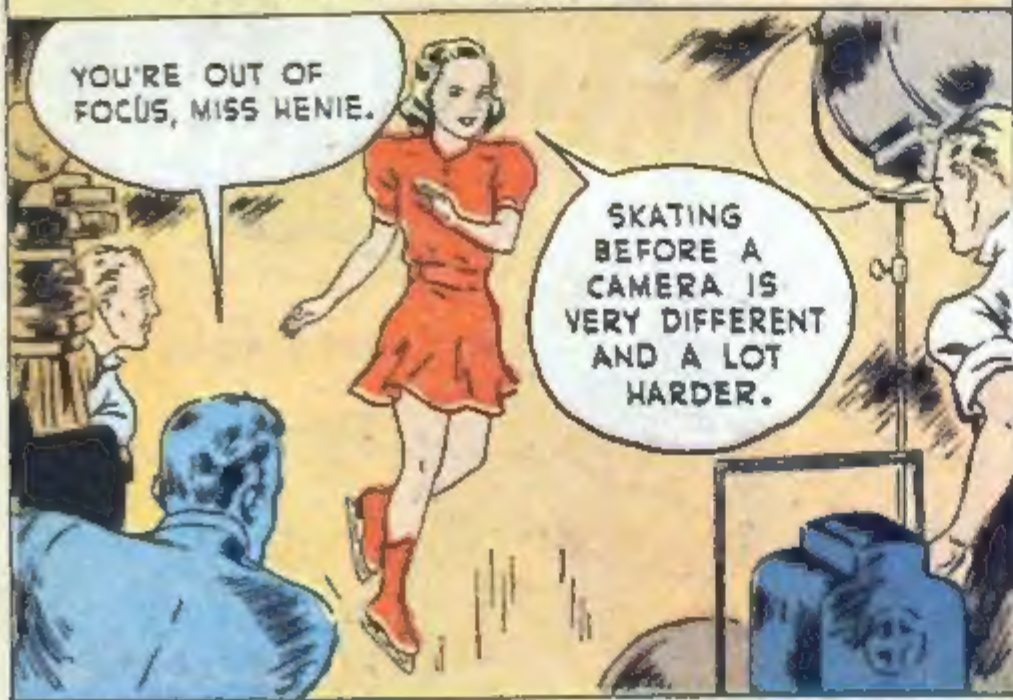
YOU'LL BE THE YOUNGEST SKATER EVER TO COMPETE, BUT THEN YOU'VE BEEN NATIONAL CHAMPION FOR TWO YEARS.

TOMORROW'S THE DAY! MAYBE IF I SLEEP WITH MY FIRST PRIZE—MY LUCKY PAPER KNIFE—UNDER MY PILLOW, IT WILL HELP ME THROUGH THE MEET!





SONJA WON AGAIN, AND WORK ON HER FIRST PICTURE, "ONE IN A MILLION," BEGAN.



THE PICTURE WAS THE FIRST OF NUMEROUS SUCCESSES FOR A NEW STAR.



SONJA'S IDEA OPENED A NEW FIELD OF ENTERTAINMENT. WHEN SHE HERSELF APPEARS, TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE JAM MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT. AND THOUSANDS OF GIRLS HAVE LEARNED THAT IT'S FUN TO DANCE ON SKATES.



THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

One of your favorite mystery book authors brings you a new kind of streamlined ghost

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories" and "Jemima: Daughter of Daniel Boone"

BEDTIME, girls!" It was the voice of Susan, oldest of the four Barry sisters.

"Oh, Sue! So early?" questioned Pam, the second sister, looking up from her favorite book. Oddly enough, it was *The Rubaiyat*, that strange collection of melancholy verses by the old Persian mystic, Omar Khayyam. While Pam seldom attempted to pronounce his name, she knew most of his verses by heart. When Susan spoke, Pam was just memorizing the one about the Bird of Time having but a little way to flutter. Omar was right. Time was certainly on the wing.

"It isn't early," Susan declared. "It's nine-thirty. Didn't we promise Dad we'd be in bed by nine-thirty every evening unless we went to the movies or to a party? We may as well start following orders right now," she finished. "There'll be plenty of orders to follow when he brings home his new wife to boss us around. She's a terror, according to Mrs. Harper. Bob heard all about her from his mother and came over to sympathize this afternoon."

"What did you do? Cry on his shoulder?" asked Marty, the



"It's only a fairy tale," Sue tried to remember, but she shivered suddenly with apprehension.

youngest. She knew how much Susan liked Bob Harper. He had invited her to his music club's annual dance recital. The music club's hobby was collecting old songs and popularizing them, but they had promised plenty of modern music for the dancing afterward. Pam was going with Billy, Bob's younger brother. It was a really formal party.

"They have evening dresses 'n' everything," Marty had confided to some of the younger children in the apartment building. "They'll be just like Cinderella at the ball."

The resemblance was, indeed, striking. A little too striking, the older sisters had thought when they overheard the conversation. They did wish Marty were not such a gossip. Nothing was secret, once she heard

about it. But they loved her anyway.

"She's awfully sweet when she's asleep," Pam had once said, and this expressed the feelings of all three of them.

Shirley, who was the "sweet type" and somewhat chubbier than the others, called impatiently from the bedroom where she had grown drowsy listening to the radio.

"Come on, can't you? I should think you'd want to get your beauty sleep. I would if I were going to a ball."

"It isn't a ball, Shirley girlie, it's just a dance and recital, whatever that means. I suppose they're going to sing some of their old songs for us. It's at the Harper house. Just think! Those boys have a whole house to entertain in. It's sweet of you not to mind staying home with

C.B. Dillon

Marty," Pam finished. "I think I'd die if anything happened so we couldn't go."

"Well, someone in this family has to be responsible," Shirley responded with a virtuous air that made Pam not at all sorry to leave her behind.

All four girls slept in the same room, for the apartment was not a large one. Their father, when he was home, slept in the little study off the living room. He worked there, too, and somehow the girls missed the noisy clatter of his typewriter. He wrote for the pulps, as he called them. To his daughters' admiring eyes his were the most wonderful stories ever written. They were paid for by the word and did not make their author rich.

"Money," he had once explained to his daughters, "is one of the most unimportant things in the world."

Mrs. Draeger, the superintendent's wife, did not wholly agree with him when rent day came around. Pam had lovingly nicknamed her "the dragon." Now she was keeping an eye on the girls, in their father's absence. Sweet of her, but wholly unnecessary. This was Sue's opinion. She considered herself quite able to look after her younger sisters without the woman's assistance.

Susan was systematic and orderly by nature. This trait she had inherited from her mother who had managed very well during her lifetime. Now the girl was earnestly trying to take her place. She was brushing her hair (she always counted the brush strokes) and the rest were in bed when she noticed that Pam was still reading from the old Persian poet while Marty hugged her book of fairy tales.

"Please, Sue!" they both begged when she snapped out the light.

But Susan was firm. Just to make sure there would be no more reading, she carried both books to the living room where she had to turn on the light again to look for markers for

their places. Although she would not admit it, the responsibility of the other three rested heavily on her young shoulders. She thought, with a sigh, that no one could possibly love them as she did—least of all some stranger. She wondered why her father had not even presented the woman for their approval before marrying her.

"It's like Marty's fairy tales," she decided, opening the book



"Will you make that woman stop? I can't stand that rot-tat-tatting in my ears all night."

to the place where her sister had been reading. Her eyes fell upon the word "stepmother" in the text and she read on

"... stepmother beats us and if we come near her, kicks us with her foot. Our food is the hard crusts of bread which are left on the plate and even the dog under the table fares better than we. Come, let us wander forth into the wide world"

So the brother and sister started off and the whole day long they traveled over meadows, fields, and stones. When it rained the sister said, "It is Heaven crying with our hearts..."

Sue's heart cried, too, but not for the little brother and sister in the fairy tale. It cried for her own sisters. Judging by what Bob Harper had said, it certainly looked as though the story would soon be coming true for them. "Even the dog under the table fares better than we." And hadn't Bob mentioned a dog

that used to chase the children out of the woman's yard? Yes, and she had yelled at them, too. Yelled at Bob Harper and little Billy! The very thought of it made Susan's heart turn to ice.

"She's a tyrant if ever there was one," Bob had told her. "She and her husband lived by themselves in that immense old house just across the street from us. They didn't have any children and Mom says they didn't want any. They certainly had no use for the neighbors' children. You'd think, with a place the size of that, they'd have been glad to let them come in to play, but not they! Sometimes we'd sneak in, but one of us always had to keep watch. Usually it was Billy because he was little then and it was easier for him to hide. He'd whisper 'Ssst! Here comes Old Belie!' and the rest of us would run like rabbits. All the kids in the neighborhood were afraid of her. You girls certainly have my sympathy."

Bob's sympathy helped. Just to hear him say it in that deep bass voice of his was enough to make up for everything as far as Sue herself was concerned. As for the others... She sighed, re-reading Marty's fairy tale with a shiver of apprehension. Even Pam's book had something in it about "A Second Marriage in My House." She'd have to put them both away where the girls couldn't find them. They must be scared nearly to death already.

"Come on, Sue! It's not fair staying up when you made us go to bed," Pam called sleepily from the next room. "I bet you're reading my book of poetry yourself."

"I am not. I wouldn't read such sentimental stuff, and you shouldn't either," Sue called back, quickly hiding both books in a drawer of her father's desk. The girls knew they mustn't disturb his things and it seemed a safe hiding place.

"What is keeping you then?"

"Oh, hush, Pam! I'll be along in a minute. I forgot to put

the cover on the bird cage."

She couldn't find the bird-cage cover so she draped a white towel over the cage and then jerked the transom shut to keep out the drafts. It wouldn't stay closed. Each time she tried, it promptly fell open again until she had to give it up. With her father gone there were so many little things to be attended to. She wondered how her mother had ever managed things so smoothly.

It must have been a problem for her too, she thought. She had been managing things herself for two years and was pretty well sick of it. Aunt

Annie, next door (not a real aunt but her mother's best friend) had seen to some of the difficult things. Sue missed her, now that she had moved away. Queer that she had moved so suddenly. Georgie Draeger, the superintendent's boy, said it was because her apartment was haunted. Sue had laughed at him then. She had heard of haunted houses—old ones with creaking hinges and loose floor boards—but who ever heard of a haunted apartment?

Somehow, Susan could not sleep. She kept thinking of that story Marty had been reading. It wouldn't have impressed her

as much if Bob hadn't told her himself that "Old Belle," as he called her, had married for money the first time.

She couldn't be marrying Dad for his money, Sue thought. What, then, could be her reason? Perhaps for his name. Or perhaps (and Sue shivered at this) like the woman in the fairy story, she enjoyed abusing children. Perhaps . . . But she was growing sleepy now. At last she fell into a fitful dream. It was something about a toothless old hag who sat continually by a fire stirring something in a big black kettle. Clank! Clank! The noise kept growing louder. This wasn't part of Sue's dream. It was somebody banging on the door of the apartment. Maybe it was a fire and the girls were being warned to escape in their night clothes. Susan sat up all atremble and pulled on her bed light.

"Wh-what is it?" she managed to ask.

"It's pretty late to be having a party," a voice outside in the hall said sternly. "You'll have to shut off that phonograph and let the rest of the people in the building sleep."

"But we're not having a party," Susan protested sleepily. "We're in bed."

"What's that?"

"I said we're in bed," Susan roared, and then wished she hadn't. The others, all except Marty who slept like a baby, were sitting up, wide-eyed, and asking her what was the matter.

"It must be the dragon," Sue said. "She thinks we're having a party. Oh, bother! I wish she'd have her hallucinations somewhere else."

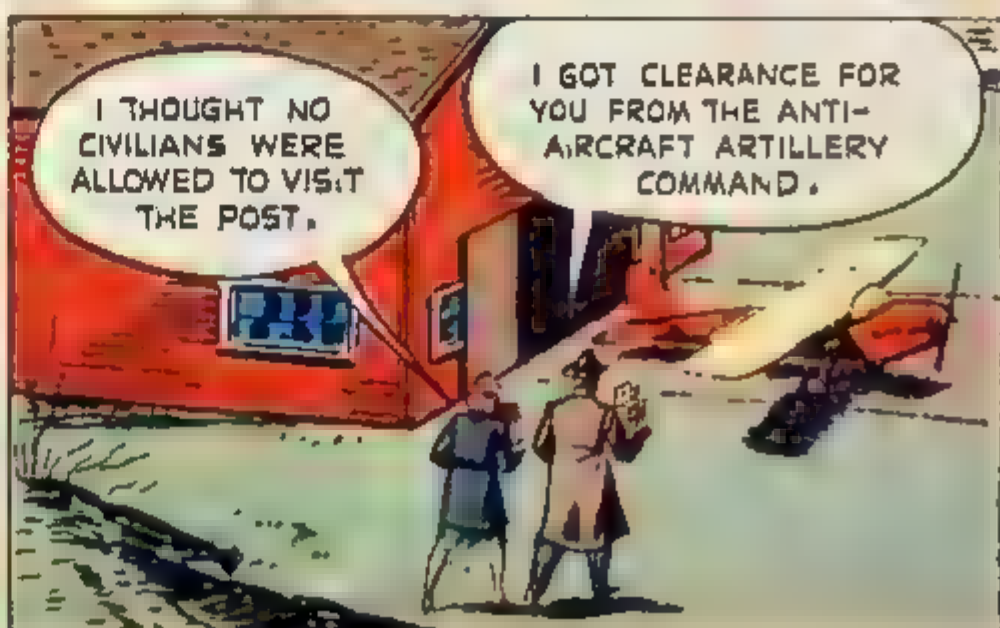
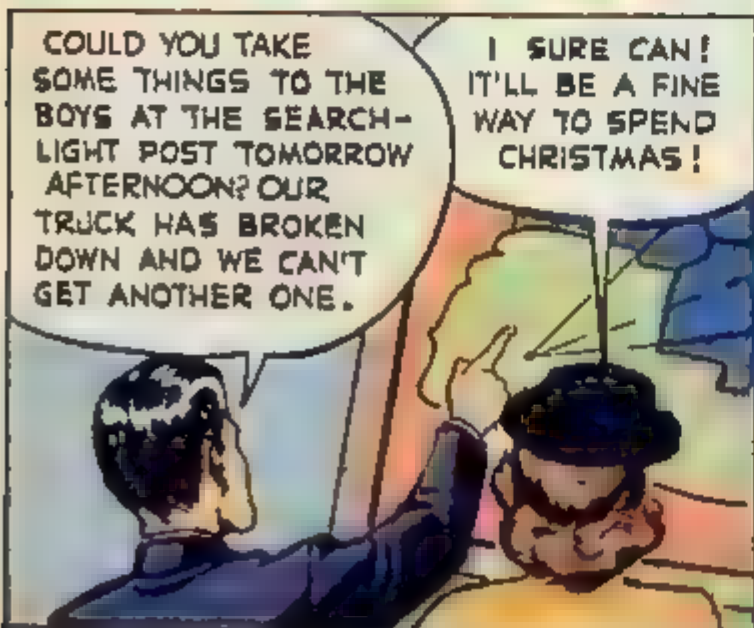
"A hallucination is something you see, not something you hear," said Shirley, the practical. "Lots of people imagine they hear noises at night, especially after they've been reading spooky verses about doors without keys and all that stuff." This last was for Pam who was far too sleepy to resent it.

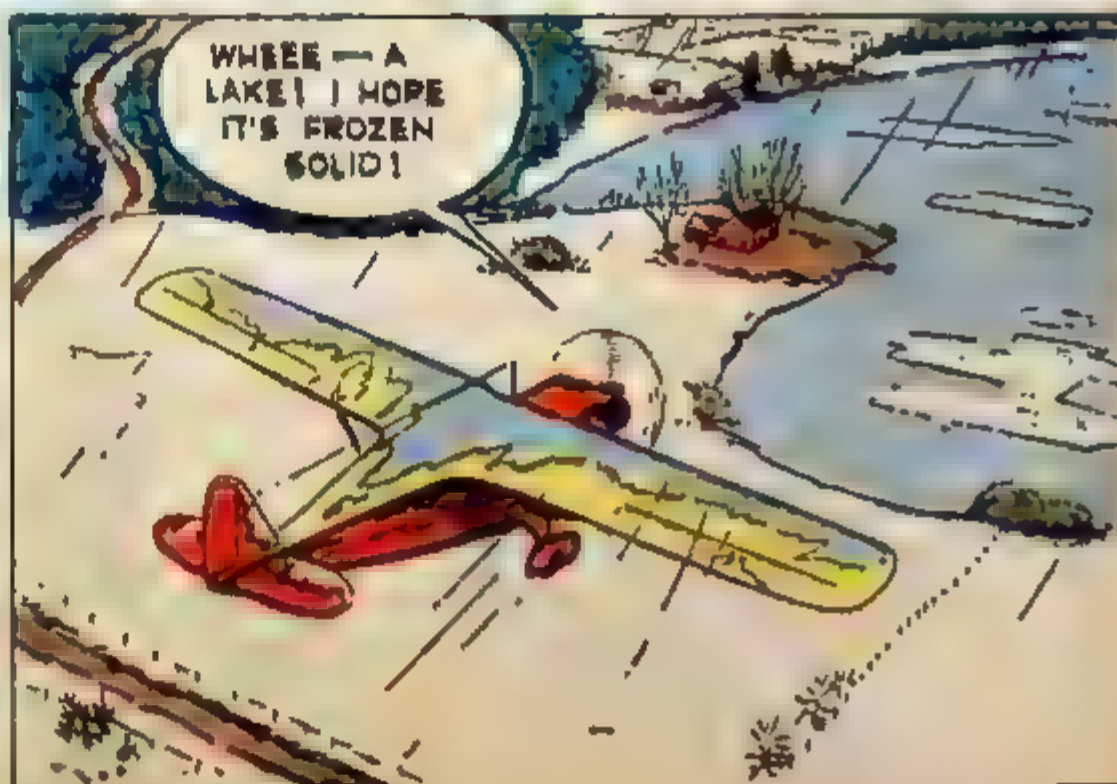
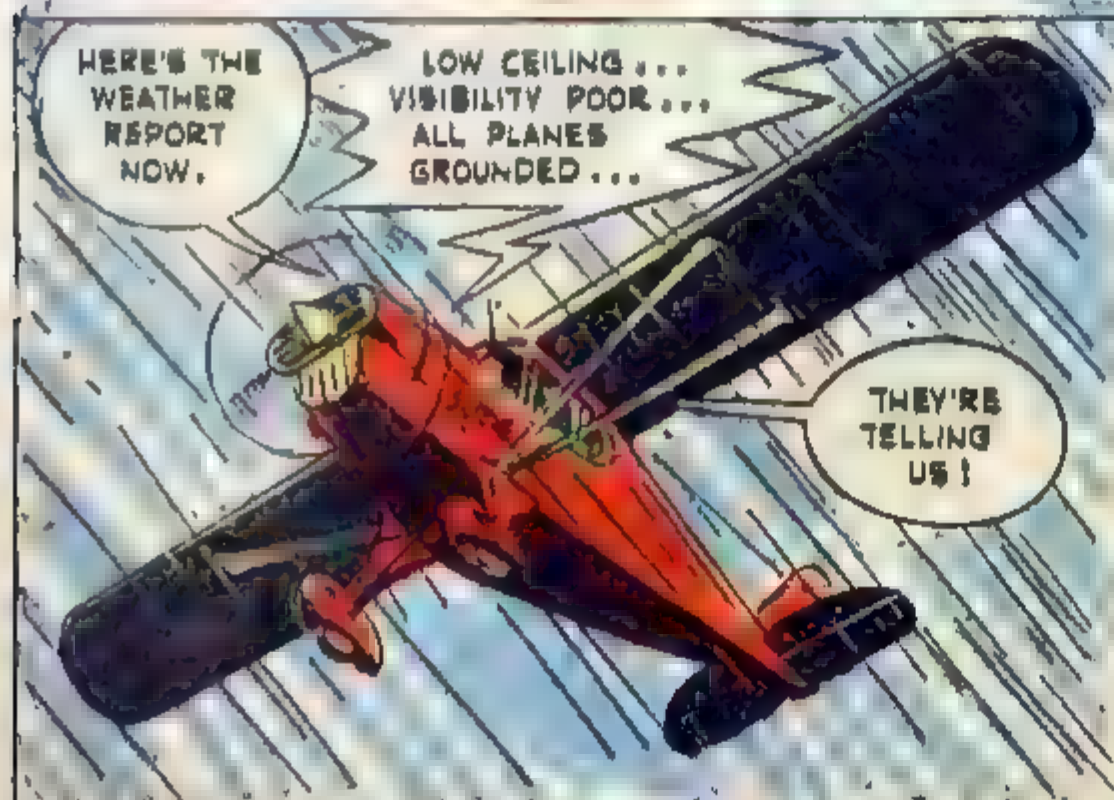
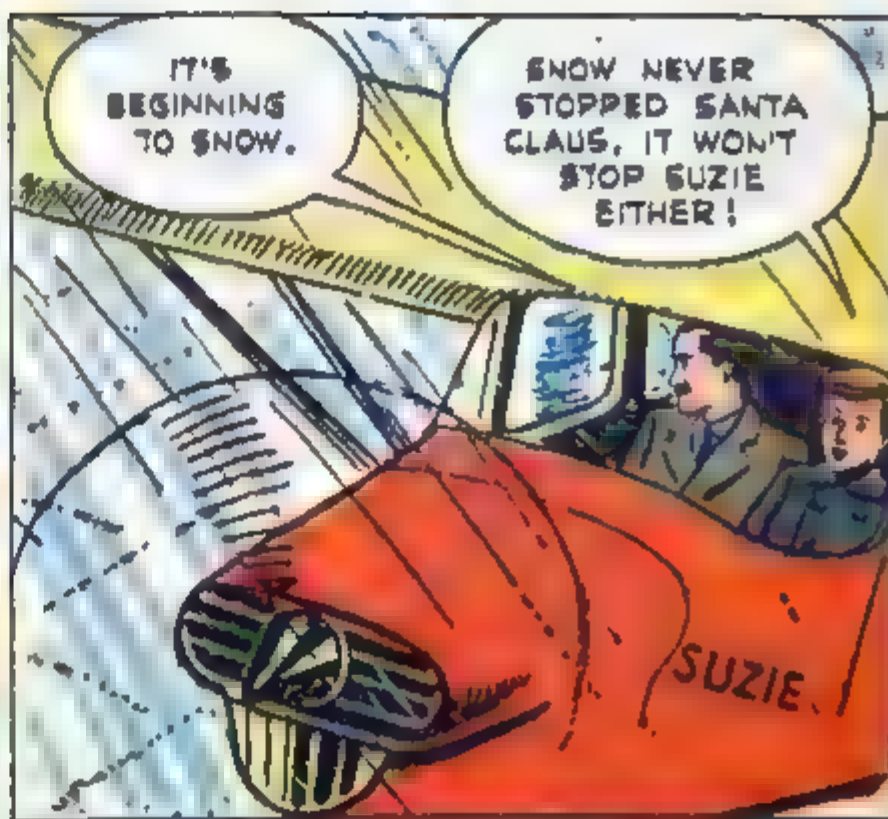
"Whatever it is, I'd just ignore it," she said, and buried

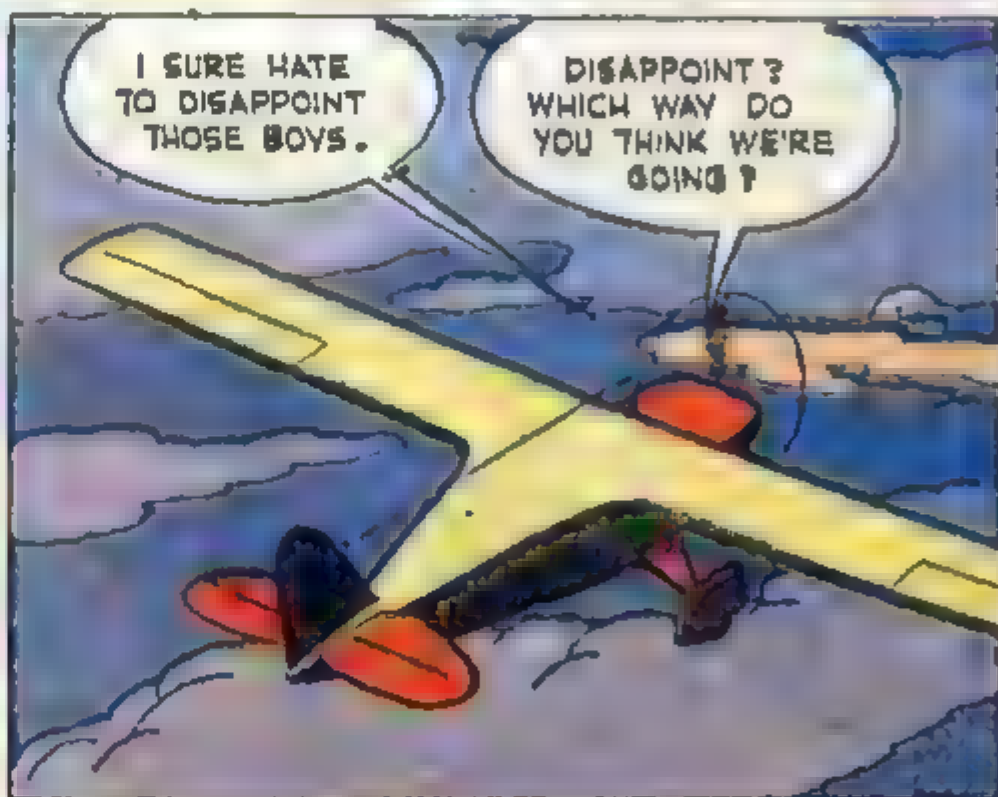
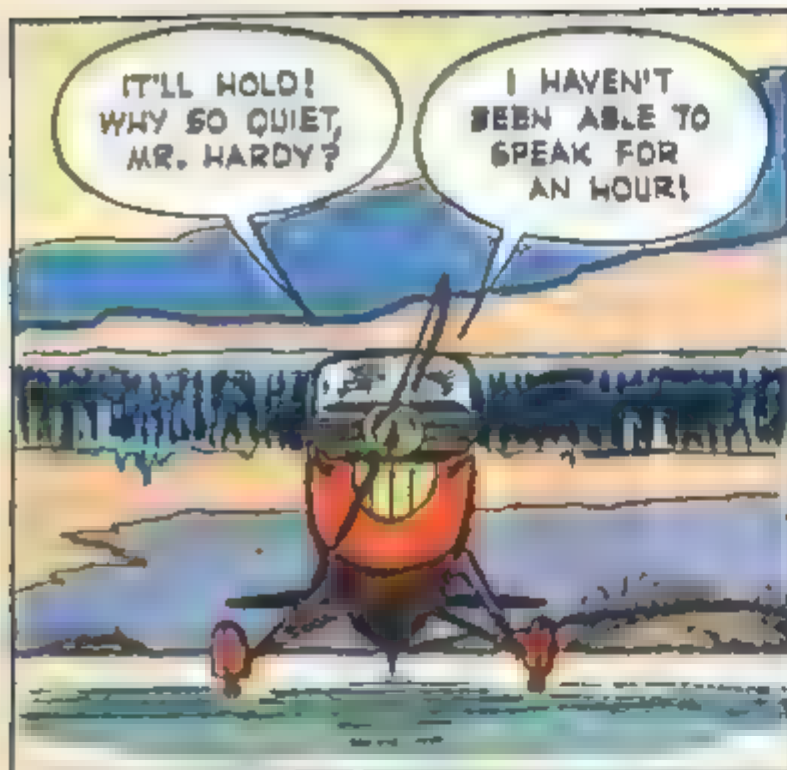
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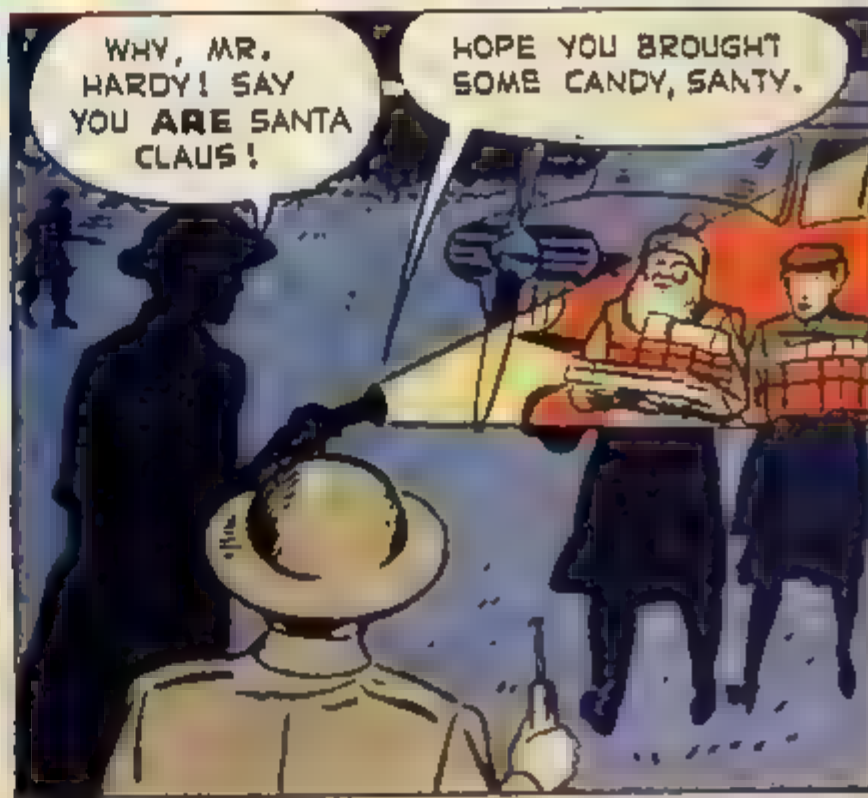
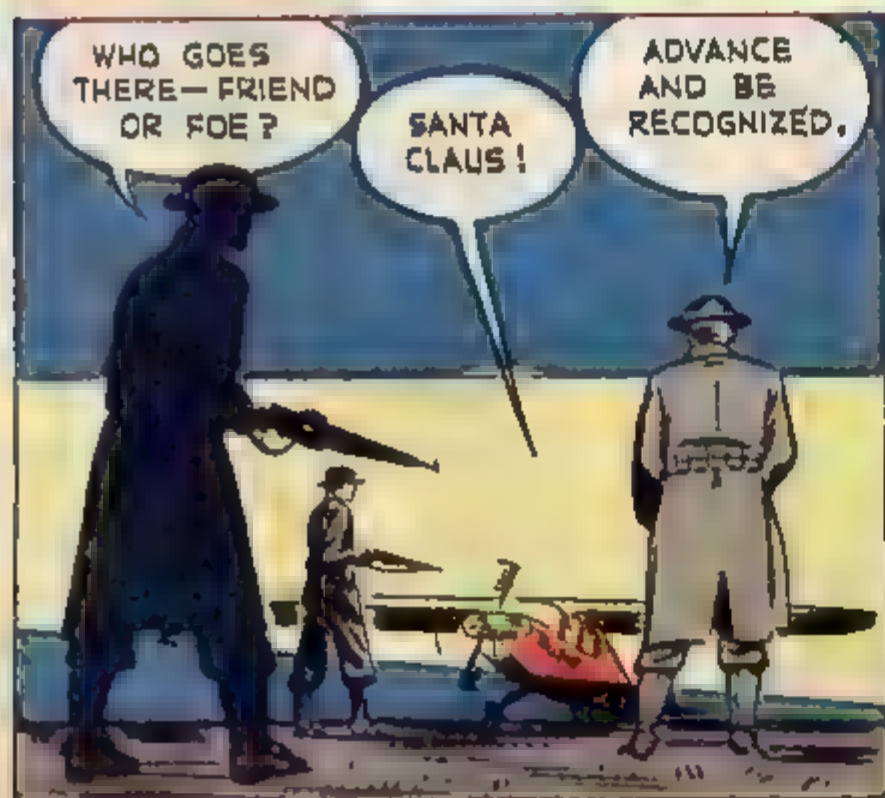
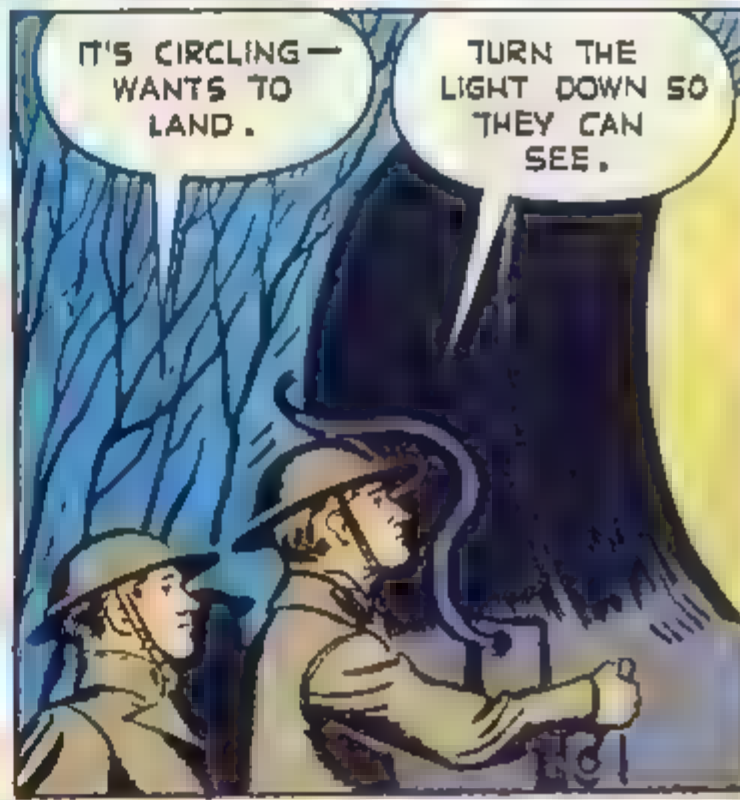
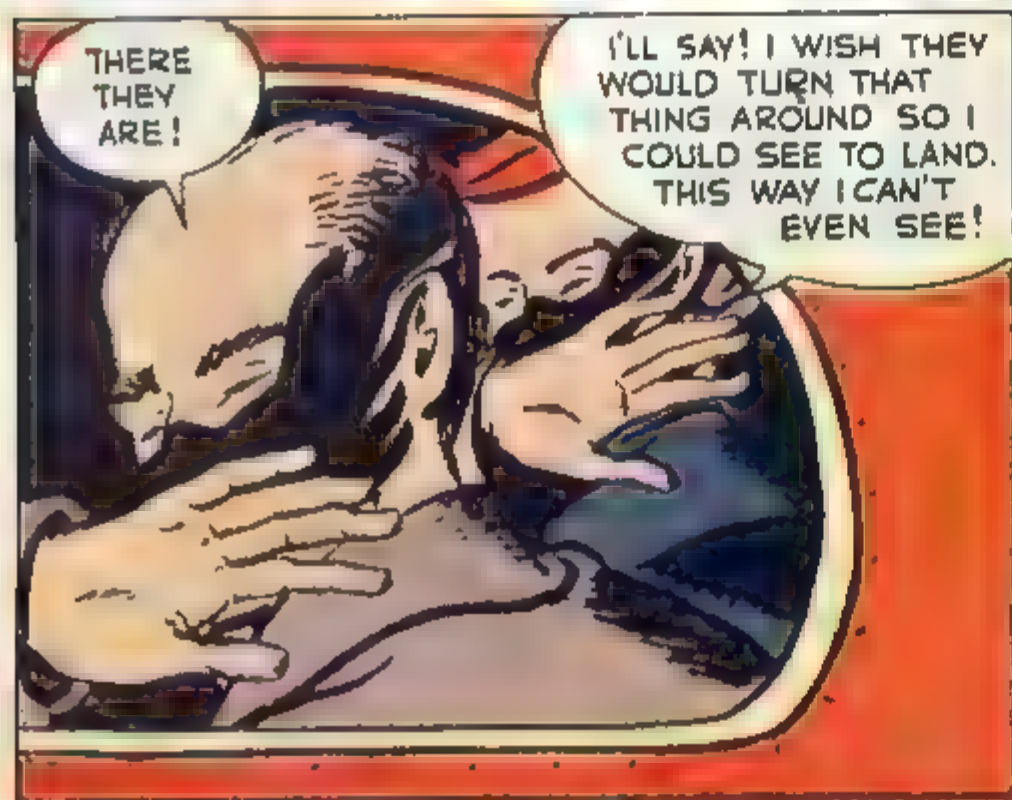
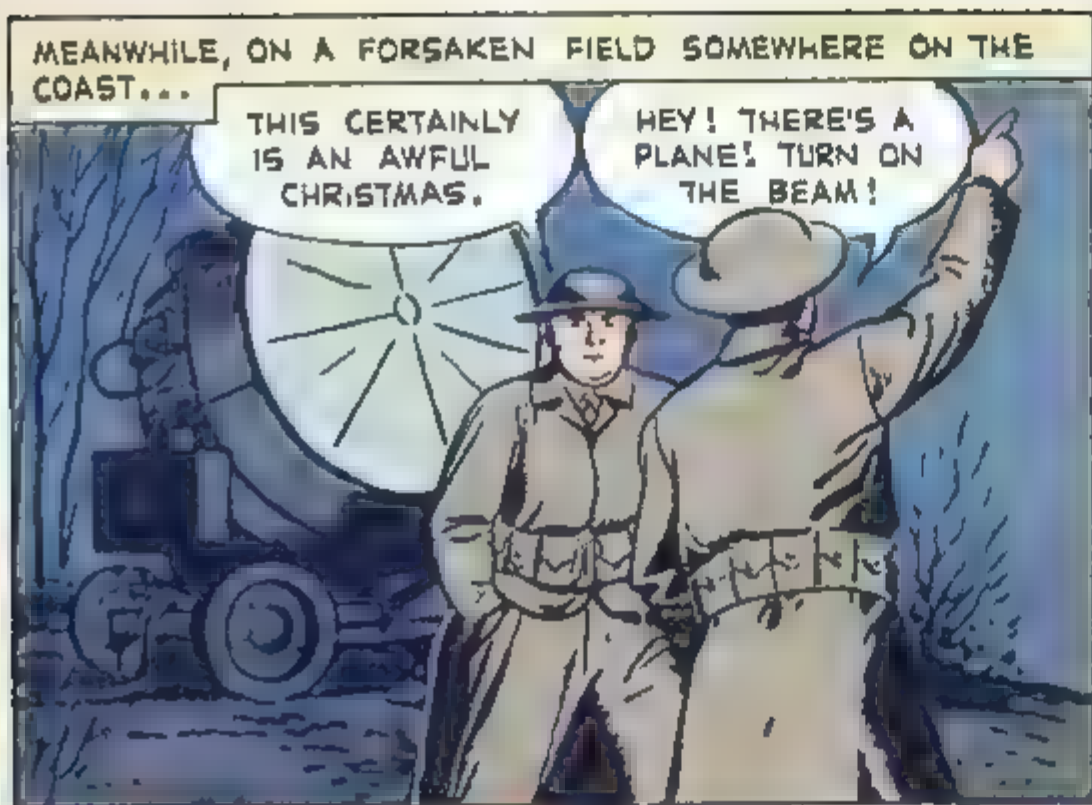


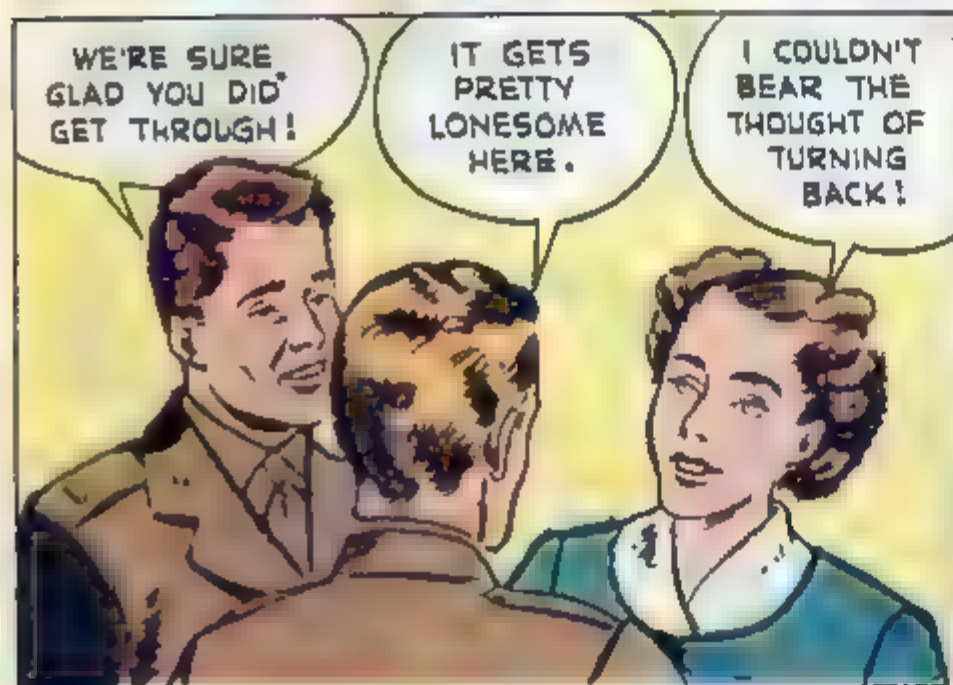
Sue turned on the lights and stepped back to give a full view of the room. "I can't send my friends home when there's no one here!"











Shine, ★ Christmas Star.

Helene had a difficult part to play off stage to make the season perfect for everyone

By THELMA KNOLES
Author of Many Stories for
Boys and Girls



HELENE, following her mother into the kitchen, blurted out desperately, "Mother, I've been the lead in everything since I was two years old, and everyone is sick and tired of me hogging the whole show!" Her deep blue eyes begged for understanding, even as her curly brown head maintained its defiant tilt. "Besides, I'm not the type to be the Angel. And my voice is just ordinary even if I have had singing lessons."

Mrs. Kirby, carefully pulling an apron over her freshly-waved hair, stopped to stare at her daughter. Helene gulped. She hadn't felt so all-over sick since that time last fall at the shore.

"Helene Kirby!" her mother's voice exploded at her. "I never heard such nonsense. Type, indeed! You were chosen for that part out of the whole school." She jerked hard at her apron strings. "Of course you'll play it."

Helene persisted. "Mother, they picked me because you always make such gorgeous cos-

tumes. Because you'll coach me and because I've had tap dancing and singing and elocution."

As she paused for breath she heard the rustle of her father's paper in the living room. He cleared his throat and reluctantly lowered the paper.

"If the kid really doesn't want to do it, Celia..."

"Dan Kirby," her mother came marching out of the kitchen, "you know as well as I that she does want to. This is only an attack of childish stage fright. Sometimes, Dan, I think you don't really care a fig whether Helene gets ahead in the world or not."

Now she was saying again that if she hadn't come to Warrenville right out of high school and married Daddy she might

"So, darling," her mother coaxed her with a smile. "You see why it's so important."

have done something with her voice. She broke off with a hurt "What's the use?" and sternly ordered Helene, "Go change your clothes, and don't say one more word about not being in that pageant."

As Helene wriggled into her old sweater she had a fleeting understanding of why, her mother was so terribly, constantly ambitious for her. She returned to find her mother back in the living room, slicing beans into a bowl, and talking excitedly.

Her father broke in to ask, sounding interested, "You mean Victor Taso, the musical director who bought the Manning house on River Road? I understand he rates right up there."

"Yes, he's known all over the

country Mr. Webb, the principal, told the P.T.A. today that Mr. Taso is offering a year's personal instruction to the pupil who shows the most promising voice. The committee will make their choice from the various Christmas programs."

Helene came on into the room.

"So, darling," her mother turned to her with a coaxing smile, "you see why it's so very important for you to sing in the pageant. No one else could sing that part as you can."

"Sigrid Petersen can!" Helene cried eagerly.

"Sigrid," her mother echoed flatly. "That thin child, with the scared blue eyes and long cotton stockings?"

"She can't help how she dresses." Helene hurriedly defended her new friend. "And she's had things happen to make her look scared, I guess. But Miss Emerson says Sigrid has the voice of an angel."

"So Grace Emerson is back of all this!" Mrs. Kirby shot a scornful look at her husband. "I might have known it."

"You women," he retorted, "can give a personal significance to every trifling situation that comes up."

"I don't consider our daughter's future trifling."

Helene had seen from Daddy's school annuals and snapshot albums that Grace Emerson was his girl all through high school. In those pictures Miss Emerson had a funny, short, square bob, and she wore her belts down around her hips. And Daddy wore sweaters with big W's across the front of them.

Now, of course, Daddy and Mother had been married for ages, and Miss Emerson, with lovely clothes now and her light hair done the latest way, was her teacher, and the girls were all crazy

about her. Still, Helene's mother always got that narrowed look around her eyes when Helene's grades weren't right at the top. Grown people were funny, all right.

"Look, Mother," Helene suggested cautiously, "if someone would make Sigrid a costume she'd be a wonderful Angel." She rushed on before the gathering storm in her mother's eyes. "She hasn't any money. She hasn't anyone to help her. She lives with her aunt who's awfully mean to her."

"Helene," declared her mother, setting her lips and looking hard at her, "I want you to be kind to that unfortunate girl. Heaven knows we'll do what we can to help her. But don't for one second think that

you're going to step aside and let her take your place in the pageant."

Next day at school Helene drew Sigrid aside. "Sigrid," she demanded frankly, "wouldn't you like to be the Angel in the Christmas pageant? You like to sing, don't you?"

Sigrid said, "But you will make a beautiful Angel, Helene."

"Nuts," said Helene and thrust a hand into her sweater pocket.

Just before the tardy bell rang Helene went into the classroom. Miss Emerson looked up.

"Yes, Helene?" There had been something strained in the teacher's manner ever since yesterday.

"Miss Emerson," Helene said directly, "Sigrid would make a better Angel than me—I mean I—wouldn't she?"

Miss Emerson tapped her glasses on her book. "Sigrid has no costume, and no way to get one," she replied, looking out the window.

Helene's blue eyes compelled Miss Emerson to look at her. "I'm sorry," she said.

Her teacher put her hand over Helene's brown paw. "Don't worry, Helene," she said gently. "We can't help some things. I've managed to borrow a costume so that Sigrid can be in the angel chorus."

Helene felt a warm flush on her cheeks. She stared up at the holly in the windows. Christmas should mean more than decorations and pageants and presents. Christmas should mean making other people happy. Helpless, frightened, lonely people like Sigrid.

"Miss Emerson," she asked earnestly, "will you teach Sigrid my songs, too? Shouldn't the star have an understudy?"

Her teacher laughed and nodded. Helene went



A low moan trembled from Helene's pallid lips and she looked up at Miss Emerson with stricken eyes.

to her desk. She wasn't ready to accept defeat. Mrs. Kirby always said that Helene was the sweetest child in the world unless she really got her back up about something and then she was as mulish as her father.

At home her mother wore her fingers to the bone on the Angel costume. Blue tulle bordered with silver stars. Helene was polite and unnaturally quiet, and didn't discuss the play any more than necessary. How could she, when every time she looked at the costume she could hear Sigrid's voice rising pure and clear above the others? By the tone of her voice you just felt how precious the spirit of Christmas was. You could hear joy and peace in Sigrid's voice. All you could hear in Helene's were Miss Percival's vocal lessons at a dollar an hour.

A few days before the pageant, Mrs. Kirby suggested brightly, "Helene, how about a little dinner party for the leads in the pageant and Miss Emerson? You could all go straight from here to the high school auditorium."

Helene hesitated. "Wouldn't it be an awful lot of work?"

"Oh, no. It will be fun to plan. We can give War Stamps for favors." She bit off her thread and went on, "And have Christmasy things to eat."

"Eat?" asked Helene absently. "Eat?" she repeated as something flashed through her consciousness. "Mother, may I plan the food?"

"Why, of course. What do you want?"

"Oh," Helene mused. "Something special."

Something really different."

The evening of the party everything went off as slick as could be. The gelatine came out of the molds in perfect star shapes. The mashed-potato snowballs were as light and fluffy as real snow. As Helene arranged the dainty Christmas-tree place cards her mother, looking young and pretty, said curiously, "I still don't see why you had to have oysters. Of course we never have them because of your father's allergy to shellfish. Since he's dining downtown it doesn't matter. But still—oysters!"

"I'm having oysters on account of Sigrid," she explained.

"Everyone knows Scandinavians are great fish eaters."

The doorbell rang and she hurried forward to welcome her

guests. The dinner went off in happy chatter and gales of laughter. Everyone left for the auditorium with a comfortable, well-fed feeling. Plenty of time to dress and make up. Miss Emerson remarked with satisfaction that it was a good thing for the children's minds to be taken off the play for awhile.

Helene began to feel uncomfortable while she was being made up. A low moan trembled from her pallid lips and she looked at her teacher with stricken eyes. The smell of cold cream from the tin in front of her was suddenly overpowering in its sweetness.

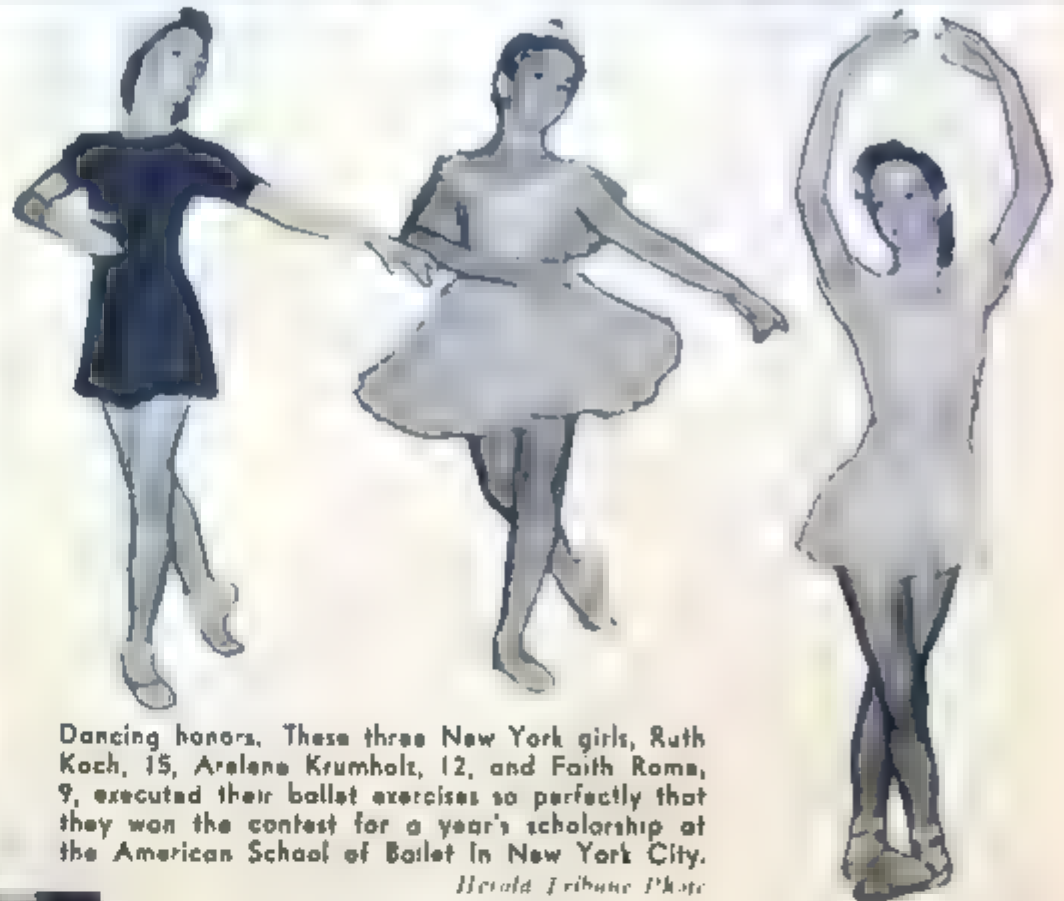
(Continued on page 32)



The audience gasped when the girl in blue and silver stepped forward

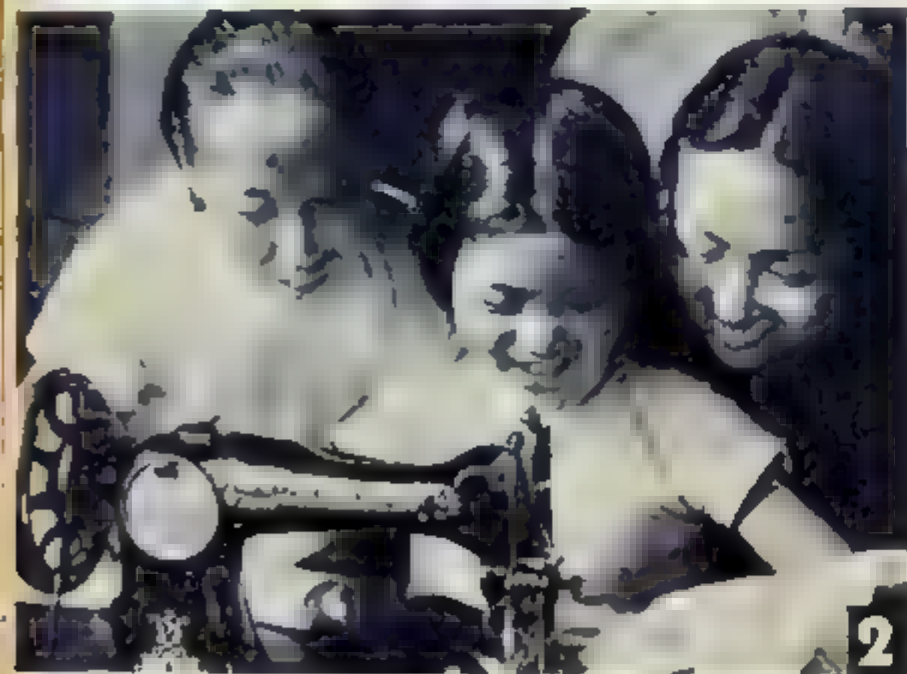
Globe-Memorial
The New York Times
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WILKINSON
Philadelphia
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TORONTO DAILY STAR
Gazette
Chicago Daily Tribune
San Francisco

Girls in the NEWS



Dancing honors. These three New York girls, Ruth Koch, 15, Arelene Krumholz, 12, and Faith Roma, 9, executed their ballet exercises so perfectly that they won the contest for a year's scholarship at the American School of Ballet in New York City.

Herald Tribune Photo



2

1—The old spinning wheel. To most girls a spinning wheel is just an antique, but not to this girl of the Gaspé Peninsula, Canada. She is absorbed in spinning the fine thread with which she will weave the cloth which will be made into a warm winter outfit.

Schneewind Photo

2—Uniforms for the army of China. Huddled in caves and improvised factories, Chinese women and girls cut and stitch to clothe 5,000,000 Chinese soldiers. This Chinese girl smiles happily as her mother and sister explain the mysteries of a sewing machine.

China Film by Paul Guilleminette, Inc.

3—Junior housekeepers. In cooking schools conducted by the Children's Aid Society, New York City girls learn to plan meals wisely, shop thriftily, cook wholesome dishes. Here they watch an instructor slice vegetables for a vitamin salad the girls can make at home to help balance the family meal.

Three Lions Photo

4—Soviet scrappers. Energetic Russian students are tireless in their hunt for scrap which will help keep their war machine going. Girls and boys of a secondary school in Khabarovsk gravely sort and register every piece of scrap they salvage.

Sovfoto



3



4



Jam session with jitterbugs Jean McNab (or is it her twin, Jane?) and Donald O'Connor really "giving out." Do they enjoy it? Well, look again!

JIVIN' JACKS AND JILLS

To the swing of the three B's — barrelhouse, boogie-woogie, and blues—they dance to success

By JEAN BROWNLEE
Feature Writer

JITTERBUGS aren't news in the United States, but Jitterbugs, Inc., are! Any group of girls and boys who can turn rug cutting, high stepping, and hot jive into dollars and cents and careers are really "cooking with gas." But you've probably seen the Jivin' Jacks and Jills in "What's Cookin'?" "Private Buckaroo," "Give Out, Sister," or "Get Hep to Love." And if you have, you understand why the group's sensational jitterbug dancing has Hollywood beating time.

The jiving is done by four Jacks and four Jills, from twelve to twenty-one years old. Eight months ago they were just eight swing fans with rhythm in their feet. A few had been child stars, others had ap-

peared on the stage, but when they met at Universal Studios, they were just on casting lines waiting for chance assignments to scattered films.

But no real jitterbug can sit around for very long waiting for someone else to make things happen. They decided to get hep to themselves, and a jam session produced the idea. A group that could really "send," they debated, would surely attract more attention than eight individual dancers, and so they became a dancing octet, and called themselves the Jivin' Jacks and Jills.

Every member was elected to hold an office and besides the usual president, vice-president, secretary, corresponding secretary, and treasurer, they elected

a social chairman, a historian, and a publicity director. They planned official stationery with all their names listed on the letterhead, and they drew up by-laws. Finally, they asked Edward F. Cline, director of "What's Cookin'?" on which they were then working, to be their adviser.

That was eight months ago! Since then they have been featured in five pictures, with better parts each time and more coming up. They have attracted such favorable notices that three of the group have already been promoted to individual billing. Replacements aren't hard to make, and new Jacks and Jills with talent become part of the group. Dancing is fun and their business firm is probably one of the jolliest ones ever formed, but that doesn't mean being a member is a picnic. The Jivin' Jacks and Jills are serious about their work and about their organization. New members are impressed with the aims of the group and soon learn that they must be lived up to.

Of course, the main object of the dancing octet is to get and keep jobs. The members hold regular meetings, study and rehearse new dance and acting routines, and pool ideas. They are pledged to answer their fan mail promptly—an important part of any performer's life—to pay dues on time, to help one another. They have also agreed to take part in war work during their free time, and to contribute as a group to worthy charities and relief appeals. One of their most interesting projects is the picture history they keep of the club and of every member, of the movies they are in, and of the directors and stars with whom they work.

Jacks and Jills don't need much of an excuse to have fun. If a member has a birthday, they all help celebrate. A new picture begun or ended, or a starring part for one member, brings them out in full force and in a party mood.

Twins Jane and Jean McNab are two of the new Jills, and their favorite pastime is con-

fusing everybody. At the National Twins Convention, they were chosen by scientists from the University of Chicago as the most identical twins in this country, and incidentally they were elected the most beautiful twins in the forty-eight states. Guests at Hollywood's Palladium thought they were seeing double when Jane and Jean showed up to dance with twins Russell, and Robert Forrest, who work in the Universal mail room, as their escorts!

Two of the original Jills are social chairman Dorothy Babb, sixteen, and publicity director Dolores Mitchell fourteen. Dorothy started to talk about being a movie star when she was only six years old. When Dorothy

Secretary Peggy Ryan, 17, and Treasurer Donald O'Connor, 16, two Jivin' Jacks and Jills who have been promoted to individual billing.

was eight, her family moved from Amarillo, Texas, to Hollywood. Then Dorothy begged so hard for dancing lessons that her parents gave in. Within a year she was taking part in school recitals. It was during a class lesson at dancing school that Eddie Larkin, who was scouting for someone to play the ten-year-old girl in "You Can't Take It with You," saw Dorothy and decided his search was ended.

Since then Dorothy has danced with Jimmy Stewart in a picture—he's her favorite screen actor!—played opposite Bing Crosby and John Barrymore, danced in musical shows, and she has appeared in feature pictures with the Jivin' Jacks and Jills. Sixteen-year-old Dorothy can cut a rug with rhythmic abandon and her conversation is peppered with jive talk, but she works hard. She studies tap and ballet, which means hours of practice every day, and she's an honor student in the eleventh grade at Hollywood Professional Children's School.

Dorothy's best friend is Virginia Weidler and they are usually together. Though their days are full, they find time for fun. Sometimes they round up a gang including Donald O'Connor, Raymond Roe, Peggy Ryan, and Buddy Pepper and go to a movie, or they all go to the Palladium and dance when a good band like Tommy Dor-

sey's, Woody Herman's, or Harry James' is playing.

Dolores Mitchell is two years younger than Dorothy, but they see a lot of each other. Dolores goes to the same school, but she's in the ninth grade. For eleven years, she has studied ballet and tap. She, too, got her first break while appearing in a school recital. Universal Studio Director Edward F. Cline complimented her on her routine and asked her if she would like a screen test. Breathless, Dolores stammered a "yes!" and she was in.

Dolores likes to sketch and hopes some day to be able to design all her own clothes. She's a movie fan, too, and her favorites are Vivian Leigh and Clark Gable. This fourteen-year-old dancing prodigy has a career as promising as Eleanor Powell's or Ginger Rogers', but do you know what her real ambition is? She wants to go to work as soon as she's old enough—in an airplane factory!

The Jivin' Jacks and Jills are as modern as television, as streamlined as stratoliners, and they are strictly hep and in the groove. But they are proof that jivin' girls and boys are not heading for the bow-wows on a boogie-woogie beat. You can see for yourself in "Moonlight in Havana," and "It Comes up Love." Every one of them works hard every day and every one of them is ambitious. Jitterbugs can be serious!

Charles Butterworth looks glum as Jacks and Jills pull him into line on the set at Universal. He'll learn to love this swiny time-steps!



MYSTERY at the LOOKOUT

An exciting new adventure proves to Sally Seymour and her friends that one thief in jail doesn't solve a strange case

By CAROLYN KEENE

Author of "Nancy Draw Mystery Stories"
and "Dana Girls Mystery Stories"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Sally Seymour, Sandra Blake, and Barbara Moore found a code message at the Lookout and gave it to Trooper Hartwell, who was pursuing Peter Hallen, an escaped robber. The next day at the Look-

out, the girls found a notebook giving the key to the code. Sally saw a plane which was receiving signals from the ground and reported it to the police. Meanwhile, at the Craig City dock, a freighter carrying cargo for a firm listed in the book was afire. That night Sally received a mysterious phone message to return the notebook to the Lookout. Substituting a fake notebook, Sally and Hartwell hid till an old woman resembling Millie Lear, who lived in a cabin in the woods and owned a valuable pearl, came for it. But she escaped them. In Millie's abandoned cabin, Sally found the pearl in a china elephant, and took it home for safekeeping.

Peter Hallen broke into the house in an attempt to steal the pearl. He was captured but refused to talk. An explosion set fire to another firm listed in the notebook. The girls and Hartwell pursued an

old woman resembling Millie Lear, who was leaving the fire. As their taxi drew close to Millie Lear's, Sally gasped, the woman was a man! Now finish the story.

YOU mean, Sally Seymour, that the person in the taxi ahead of us is probably the thief Sam Slade, and not Millie Lear at all?" gasped Sandra Blake.

"I certainly do," replied Sally. "I'm sure he's disguised himself as the old lady."

It did not seem possible that the person who had hurried away from the scene of the factory explosion could so cleverly disguise himself. But in a moment, as the two cabs drew closer together, the group in Sally's party saw for themselves that the supposed old woman, who wore a long black dress, and a sunbonnet which had fallen from her head, had on a wig.

"You're right!" exclaimed State Trooper Hartwell to Sally.

"We'll never catch the fellow!" murmured Barbara Moore, the fourth passenger in the pursuing taxi.

"Yes, we will!" cried Sally, peering down the road. "Look!"

A large wooden barrier with a detour sign blocked the highway. Already the cab ahead had slowed down for it.

"Faster! Faster!" Sally urged their own driver. "This is our chance to catch a thief!"

Their car spurted forward. With a scream of brakes it swerved to a halt just ahead of the other taxi. Sally and the trooper leaped to the ground, and rushed to the other automobile.

"Keep back!" the officer ordered the girl, as he jerked open the door. "This fellow may be armed."

But the fugitive proved to be unarmed, and offered slight resistance as Hartwell forced him out of the taxi and slipped handcuffs on his wrists.

"Someone is coming this way across the field!" Sally whispered quickly.





Lifting her unconscious form gently, the three girls carried her back to the shack.

fore long, Trooper Hartwell, who had been in touch with state police officers, came to talk with the girls.

"How about another little excursion?" he inquired abruptly. "Feel equal to catching a second crook today?"

"The more the merrier," laughed Sally. "Where do we go now?"

"It's like this," the man explained. "When we showed Slade that little red notebook you found on the moun-

by the name of Frank James. We'd like to have you come with us, and identify his ship if you can."

Sally nodded, while Barbara and Sandra wondered if they could be sure that the plane was the same one they had seen over the Lookout some days before.

Sally smiled. "Don't you remember, it had a faded black star on one wing?" she reminded them.

"We'll meet two other troopers," explained Hartwell, "and drive out to the place."

Presently he and the girls were picked up by a state police car, and the journey was begun. For a time Sally thought the officers were taking them to the Lookout, but presently the car swung into a fertile green valley, and halted before a deserted farmhouse.

"This is the place," announced Trooper Hartwell.

The automobile was hidden in an old shed, and then Sally and her chums followed the officers to a large, dilapidated barn, with one side open. The interior was piled high with hay. Hartwell took a rusty pitchfork and began to prod into the mound. Almost at once he struck something hard.

"The clue was right," he declared in satisfaction. "It's here."

Dropping the fork, the trooper pulled away some of the hay with his hands. Gradually one wing of a monoplane took shape before the eyes of the others.

"It's the one we saw from the Lookout!" Sally cried excitedly, as she stooped to see a large black star. "Don't you think so, girls?"

"I'm sure this is the same plane we saw signaling," added Barbara.

"Good!" approved the officer. "Our case against Frank James is ironclad now! All we need do is capture the fellow when he comes for his ship."

The troopers immediately fell to work putting hay back on the plane.

"You girls had better not stay here," Hartwell said. "We may

"Where'd you get your pretty clothes, Slade?" the trooper asked.

"He must have stolen them from Millie Lear," Sally declared, as the prisoner remained mute. "I know she had a dress and bonnet exactly like these! Where is Miss Lear now?"

"How should I know?" the man retorted. "I found her cabin deserted, so I helped myself to these duds. And that's all I'll say!"

The prisoner was taken to police headquarters in Craig City, where his friend Peter Hallen already was in jail. Sally and her chums lingered at the building, eager to learn what they could about the case. Be-

tain, he knew the jig was up. So he talked."

"Did he admit setting fire to the novelty company this afternoon?" Sally asked quickly.

"Yes, and he had a hand in firing the boat, too. This was the method used by him and Hallen to cover robberies in which they were involved. Over a period of months, the pair stole thousands of dollars worth of valuable merchandise from factories and river boats."

"Then those men must have had other people helping them," declared Sally. "I'm sure there was an aviator..."

"I'm coming to that," smiled the trooper. "Our men have been working on that angle, and have a clue to a renegade pilot

have a long wait. One of the men will drive you back to town."

As Sally was about to start away from the barn, she stopped suddenly and drew back.

"Someone is coming this way across the field!" she whispered.

Trooper Hartwell peered out. A tall, dark-haired man was walking directly toward the building.

"To your posts, men!" he ordered. "Girls, hide over there!"

Minutes elapsed. Then the man, whose face was hard and brown, entered the place. Crossing to the mound of hay, he began to dig out the plane. Upon signal, the troopers surrounded him.

"Frank James, you're under arrest!" Hartwell said, as he began to search the prisoner. "You were just a few minutes too late to make your getaway! Now you can join your pals—in prison!"

In the airman's pockets were found field glasses, several maps, and a code message from Sam Slade. Clearly the pilot had communicated with his cronies by such notes, as well as by means of signals with his plane.

His ship also had provided speedy getaways for the three robbers whenever it became necessary for them to leave a particular locality in a hurry. Probably only Sally's quick-wittedness had prevented the men from leaving Craig City by air before the police could catch them.

"Well, the capture of Frank James winds up the case of the mysterious thieves," Trooper Hartwell remarked as the prisoner was led to the car.

"There's only one angle of the case that remains unsolved," Sally replied, frowning. "Whatever became of Millie Lear? Did she share in the robberies, or was she driven away by fear?"

"That's right," admitted the trooper. "She did disappear from her cabin under peculiar circumstances. We'll see if we can make our two prisoners, Hallen and Slade, talk."

But try as they would, the police could get nothing from the men, and the old lady remained out of sight. Sally discussed the matter with her grandfather, who felt from his acquaintance with the woman years before that she was innocent of any wrongdoing.

"In that case, she'll probably read in the newspaper about the capture of the thieves, and then come back to her cabin," Sally figured, her eyes dancing. "I'm going up there over and over again, until I meet her!"

The next day she and her chums took a picnic lunch and went directly to the shack.

"I don't believe Millie Lear's ever coming back here," Barbara remarked several hours later as the girls sat on the sagging porch of the cabin. "You

they heard Sally's feet pounding along the trail toward the cabin. The instant they saw her face, they realized that something was wrong.

"I've found old Miss Lear!" she gasped. "But she's caught. Quick, I need something to chop away part of a little tree!"

Sandra, without asking questions, ran to get an ax she had seen leaning against the porch.

"Poor Millie Lear is wedged between a rock and a tree," Sally explained as they made their way back up the trail. "She must have fallen while climbing the slope."

In a near-by ravine, Sandra and Barbara observed the old lady's limp body lying against a weather-stained gray boulder, her foot wedged tightly.

"I unfastened her shoe and tried to pull her foot out, but I couldn't do it," Sally explained breathlessly.

Working with more energy than accuracy, she chopped at the tree.

Finally, with all three girls working, they were able to free the unconscious form. Lifting her gently, they carried her to the shack, and laid her on her own bed. In a moment Millie Lear opened her eyes and regarded the girls in bewilderment.

"Where am I?" she whispered weakly. "Oh, my own home." Then, as if to herself, she added, "I hope I'm not too late!"

"Too late for what?" Sally inquired quietly.

"Will you please look on the top shelf over the kitchen sink, and see if there's a china elephant in the corner?" the old lady asked pleadingly.

The silence of the girls made the woman realize that something was wrong. Raising up on one elbow, she said shakily, "There was something precious inside it. Has it been stolen?"

"No, Miss Lear, your pearl is safe, and will be returned to you," Sally soothed the elderly lady. "But the china elephant was smashed."

"No matter about that, so long as the jewel is still mine," the woman sighed with relief, dropping back on the pillow.

NOTE FOR A WARDROBE

By FRANCES HALL

.... And one dress to whisper,
To be vocal like leaves;
To go singing with gladness,
Whose gay pattern weaves
A garment for laughter
That makes the eyes bright.
I'll have one dress to murmur
Of my heart's sheer delight.

may as well forget her, Sally."

"I can't," her friend replied. "What would Grandfather and I do with her pearl? It's not ours so we can't sell it."

"No, of course not," Sandra agreed readily. "But if—what's the matter, Sally?"

The girl had sprung to her feet, declaring that she had heard someone call from far along the trail. When she added that the voice had sounded strangely like that of the woman they were waiting for, her chums rocked with laughter.

"All right, laugh!" Sally exclaimed indignantly. "I'm going to investigate."

Sandra and Barbara were too comfortable to stir from the steps. They felt certain that Sally had imagined the cry. Five minutes later, however,



"It took the mystery," Sally said gaily, and turned to give the startled old lady an affectionate hug.

A few minutes later she recognized the girls as the ones who had stopped at her cabin and warned her about the thief Peter Hallen.

"He was in my house at that time, but I didn't know then he was a crook," Millie Lear confessed. "I got rid of him as fast as I could—starved him out," she smiled. "That made him very angry. I know now that he decided to get me out of the way."

"What did he do?" inquired Sandra.

"The day after he left I received a note from a lawyer—or he was supposed to be one—in Evansglade, requesting me to come there without delay. He said a large sum of money was being held in trust for me. I went to Craig City, and from there telephoned to the man's office in the distant city. A car was sent for me. But when I arrived, I learned that I was not the person wanted. There I was in a strange place with almost no money to get home!"

"Did you take any other clothes with you?" asked Sally.

"None at all," replied Millie

Lear. "Just these you see on me. Why?"

"Because the others are gone. A friend of Peter Hallen was using some of them to impersonate you, so that's why he wanted you out of the way," explained Sally gently. "But he's in jail," she added quickly, as the old lady winced.

"Why did you stay away so long?" asked Sandra.

Millie Lear looked pathetic as she answered, "I met an old friend who insisted I stay with her until I rested up a bit. Then in the end I had to borrow money from her to get back here. Oh, I owe everyone! It's dreadful to be so poor!"

Sally hesitated, then dared to say, "You know, you needn't be poor, Miss Lear. Why not sell your pearl?"

Miss Lear did not take kindly to the proposal, so the girls said no more about it. Sally persuaded her grandfather to let the old lady come to the Seymour cottage to recover from her unhappy experience, and asked him to speak to her about selling the pearl. He winked slyly and said that he would

do his very best to persuade Millie Lear to part with her precious jewel.

During the next few days he engaged their guest in many earnest conversations. The upshot of it was that one afternoon the two paid a visit to a jewelry store.

"There, I've done it, and I feel better!" Miss Lear announced to Sally upon her re-

turn to the cottage. "The pearl's sold, I've settled all my debts, and rented one of those cubby-holes you call an apartment!"

"I tell Millie she's made a very sensible decision," declared Grandfather Seymour. "Now the cabin in the woods can be sold."

"I'll not sell it," the old lady announced firmly. "I've decided to give the cabin to Sally."

"To me?" Sally wondered if she had heard correctly.

"To be used by you and your young friends as a camping spot," the elderly woman smiled. "It's little enough reward for your having come to my rescue."

"Oh, how wonderful!" cried Sally. "I must tell the girls!"

Sandra could do little more than gasp at the news.

Barbara's voice came laughing over the wire. "So you got your dream cabin after all!"

"But it took the solving of the mystery at the Lookout to do it!" replied Sally gaily, as she hung up, and turned back to give startled Millie Lear an affectionate hug.

THE END

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



On my last report card I got all B's and one C. My mother is very liberal with me but since I have gotten excellent past records in school, she will not let me go to the weekly dance or go out in the evening. She says I will not be allowed out in the future until I get on the honor roll. I think she is being very unfair. All the other girls get the same marks as I do or lower.—Jacklyn K., aged 14, Florida.

MANY of us think of a really "educated" person as one who has benefited by "well-rounded" experiences of all kinds. School work and book learning are certainly vital, but so are desirable social relationships and real-life contacts. We are sure that Jacklyn's parents agree that she needs continuous relationships with her friends during her out-of-school hours.

It is just and right, too, for Jacklyn's mother and father to expect her to make the most of her intelligence and ability and to be as good a student as she can—for her own sake and as a responsible, cooperating member of her class. However, we know that girls and boys in their teens often find it quite hard to maintain steadily the highest possible standards of which they are capable. In the adolescent years bodily growth

HERE'S your opportunity to get things off your chest! Airing problems and exchanging experiences and ideas usually bring comfort and practical suggestions.

Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? There just isn't space enough to answer every letter here, but if you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, a problem just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

becomes much more rapid, many internal changes take place, and young people develop new interests in their own progress and growth, and in establishing good relationships with others.

If Jacklyn tries her best, budgets her time so that she does not neglect her school obligations, gets enough rest, exercise, and outdoor activity and otherwise makes an effort to fulfill her obligations as a sensible fourteen-year-old, we wonder whether her parents would not be willing to reconsider their decision. Thus she could resume her place as an active member of her own social group. It might be helpful, too, for her mother to discuss Jacklyn's progress with her teachers and to have their interpretation of her school work and her other needs.

I have two sisters. One is 10 and the other is 7. We all share one large bedroom and we fight

continually over the way we don't pick up things or the pictures one wants to put up and so on. Can you help me?—Phyllis T., aged 13, Arkansas.

WITH three girls sharing a room it's certainly necessary for all of them to learn to be considerate. They should not expect perfection, however. And it is easier for some girls to give and take and to be generous and understanding, for individuals differ; and a girl's age counts, too. Nor can folks bottle up all their strong personal feelings or differences of opinion all the time. Expression of feelings is healthy, and so is learning to control them when necessary.

But, barring these usual ups and downs of agreement and disagreement, Phyllis and her sisters could surely work out some practical living-together arrangements. Perhaps each sister could have her own little corner for her own special, personal possessions. Things to be shared by all would have to be respected as common property. General arrangements, decorations, pictures, accessories, etc., could be discussed and planned

(Continued on page 33)



The report card brings the day of reckoning.

America's Children

How groups of girls find pleasure and profit in sharing the burdens of the less fortunate

By MARCIA LEE

Associate Editor of the Camp Fire "Guardian"

FIRST, let me tell you about Betty Jean Simms. She's a junior in high school and she loves it—all of it, from geometry, one of her best subjects, to school proms, and she gets plenty of bids! She is secretary of her class and an active member of both the Literary and Science Clubs. She plays forward on the basketball team with all the spirit and determination that's in her, and she's working doggedly to become a Senior Life Saver. Betty Jean's not the best looking or the smartest girl in her school, but she's popular because she's an "all around" girl. It is this quality that makes her such an enthusiastic member of the Horizon Club, the senior Camp Fire Girls organization. And Betty Jean Simms is typical of Horizon Club girls everywhere.

These girls have the same "big" interests, yet each develops her own special interests. They have the fun of working together, of discovering new ideas together, of exploring new fields together, and they themselves are surprised at how much more gets done with a whole group pitching in brains and brawn. One big interest of every girl in the club is developing her personality—

and that covers looks, clothes, poise, manners, voice—everything. But the senior Camp Fire Girls aren't satisfied with helping themselves and learning about themselves. They want to know more about the community they live in, the country they are part of, and the world which is now so close to their doorsteps. They do it by organizing yearly projects and . . . But let's look at their present project:

It all started with the National Citizens Committee of the 1940 White House Conference on Children in a Democracy. Sounds impressive, and it was, particularly to the Horizon Clubbers who were so impressed with the recommendations of this committee that they dedicated their 1941 project to "America's Children" who are blind, mute, deaf, crippled, or chronically ill. The club members determined to learn more about these girls

and boys who are physically handicapped and about what the community is doing for them. They found this project so absorbing that they are still working on it.

The girls started with a National Advisory Council of adults who were dealing with these problems already. Then the Horizon Clubs throughout the country went to work. All the clubs in each city got together and divided into committees, one to cover each of the categories. The "America's Children" project was under way.

The committees found out what institutions existed in their communities, how the handicapped were cared for, what it cost parents to send their children to special schools. They wrote to state and federal bureaus for information about the latest methods of helping the handicapped, so that they could judge what was being



Horizon Club girls are eyes for those who live in darkness . . .

done in the community and what was being left undone. They interviewed doctors, nurses, social service workers, heads of hospitals and schools, chambers of commerce. They took trips to schools and visited classrooms and institutions. They reached 286 organizations and institutions throughout the country. And that was just the beginning!

Then the girls sat down to analyze all they had learned and put it to work. They found out plenty they never knew or guessed before, because they'd never given much thought to the special problems of the few handicapped girls and boys with whom they'd come into contact. When the groups got together for their report meetings, there were heated discussions, lively debates, and the air was full of ideas. What made every member sit up and take notice was the realization that all the physically handicapped young people "are really just like us!" Yes, the girl who walks with a crutch or who reads with her fingers is interested in the same things you are, would like to do most of the things you do—and what's more, she can do them! She doesn't like to be kept apart

from the rest of the people her age just because she has a twisted back, or because she lives in a world of darkness, and she hates to be treated as though she were "different."

That's what the Horizon Clubs learned about "America's Children." What did they do? First, they made friends of handicapped young people. In Indianapolis, the girls organized a Horizon Club and a Camp Fire group in the State School for the Blind and have found these new workers enthusiastic and just as excited over hair-dos, etiquette discussions, and hobbies as the other members. In Boston, the Horizon Clubbers have "adopted sisters" in the Perkins Institute and are taking them on shopping tours, to picnics, and to anything else they'd enjoy!

The girls of Fargo, North Dakota, are tutoring crippled children who have to be kept at home. The Mishawaka, Indiana, girls invited two blind girls to the summer Camp Fire Girls camp and everybody had a wonderful time.

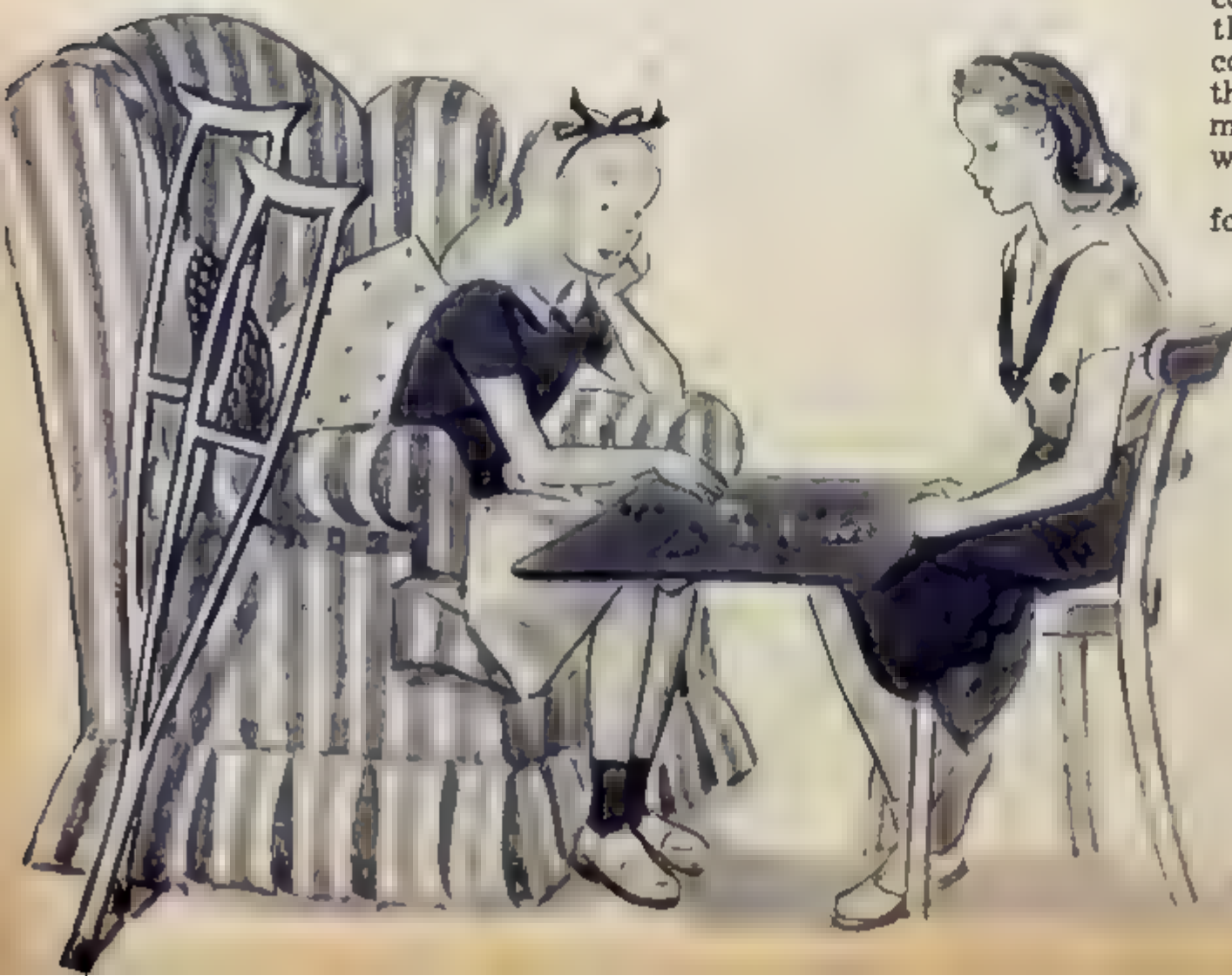
A lot of special events were planned, too. The Northern High School group in Detroit arranged for each girl to take a blind girl to an Alec Templeton

concert and that evening's fun started many lasting friendships. Alec Templeton, the famous blind pianist and humorist, who is one of the senior advisers of the project, arranged for the group to come, and received them enthusiastically backstage after the performance.

So Horizon Clubbers brought handicapped girls and boys into more social contact with normal young people. They offered their services immediately for reading aloud, teaching games, escorting blind girls to school each morning, carrying on correspondence, exchanging gifts, and making phonograph records of school books for blind children—and the list of services keeps growing.

But they weren't satisfied with individual help, nor even with the fine job they were doing of making life happier for their less fortunate friends. In many places the girls discovered that community action was imperative to prevent physical handicaps. In Oshkosh, Wisconsin, they uncovered a need for eyesight tests in the schools, as well as school treatment for hearing defects and provision for teaching the crippled in hospitals. In Sherman, Texas, the girls sent a letter to the county judge suggesting the establishment of a county health unit. And they followed through to make sure some action would be taken.

The Horizon Clubs found that in most communities not enough people were aware of the problems of the handicapped or of the need for funds. They stirred up interest in their project and raised money by radio broadcasts, banquets, entertainments, sales. The



... friends to those who cannot skip and run ...

girls of the Wags Horizon Club, Columbus, Ohio, put on a minstrel show to raise money for Monnett House, the recreation center for the blind. They were amazed at the cooperation they received. The city's finest dancing schools provided specialty numbers, the music center of a large department store lent their accordion band, a costumer furnished handsome costumes. Everyone pitched in and contributed props, performers, and services, too. Boy friends and brothers found themselves working lights, hooking up the loudspeaker system, taking tickets, and carrying chairs. Miss

...and sunshine and light to shut-ins.



Susan Says

Have you ever wondered how our country began, our towns were built, and what inspired people to invent the many things we use today? I have. I've wondered where our rivers go, where our coal comes from, and our electricity. I've wanted to know how the west was conquered, the factories started, how our country was discovered, how our president is elected, and how our government is run. I've wanted to know about the European countries, our Latin-American neighbors, the Alaskans, and the people from the West and East Indies. I've wondered about their food, their customs, and the people themselves. I've wanted to know about our canals and who helped build the first roads, likewise the bridges and skyscrapers. I've wondered about this and much more and I've found my answers to these questions and many more in just one subject. I guess I can easily say social science (history and geography combined) is "my favorite school subject."

By JOAN ANDREWS, aged 13, Mendon, Vermont

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says"? This month write 150 words on "New Ways to Earn Extra Money." Entries must reach us by January 5th. Each month we will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says" contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Catherine Schneider, the blind directress of Monnett House, was on hand as a quiet reminder of the purpose of the show. During the intermission, she brought her Seeing Eye dog, Flossie, out on the stage. Flossie was put through her routine performance to show the audience how much such dogs can do, and how intelligent and loyal they are.

The Minneapolis Horizon Clubs put on a big carnival and all the proceeds went to local institutions for the handi-

capped. A big community get-together in St. Paul featured a quiz program all about the handicapped. Everybody was in on the questions and they found out a lot they didn't know before! Gay-colored cotton remnants were collected by Bakersfield, California, girls and they helped the crippled children in the hospital make novelties to sell. Special recognition went to 584 Horizon Club girls all over the country for their part in making the project a success.

And all this is just part of what the Betty Jeans of the Horizon Clubs have been doing for "America's Children." The girls have come to know a new and important part of their communities. They have amazed these communities not only by all that they have undertaken, but by the manner in which they have carried their undertakings to successful conclusions. Now they are looking forward to working out new plans and ideas.

The Horizon Club girls will tell you that they have benefited from their project by becoming more understanding citizens, and that they have been helped greatly by their new friends. And don't get us wrong—they have built up friendships. There is no charity in the Horizon Club project. Horizon Clubbers and their new friends have worked together. As Betty Jean says, "We don't really think about it as a good turn at all because it's so much fun!" Betty Jean Simms knows there are countries today that regard the handicapped as a burden. That's why she's doubly proud of being part of the Horizon Club's project which shows the democratic way of dealing with these of America's children.



By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, *Mayhew* Editor

FAREWELL screen appearances of famous actors who have gone this farthest forth were shown on these pages last month. You could learn of course, but not so much as you might if it weren't for this. Only younger stars we bring you this month. While Tyrone Power is helping in Morocco get things in hand in an island you've never before heard of and we never again forget, while Gene Autry and I work while still flying for Justice Suits, which was a very and entire service men and war workers and you and me more and more be made by players whom yesterday we thought of as beginners. The they are now full-fledged stars capable of carrying it all on their shoulders you'll find to your pleasure when you see their latest pictures. But even while you mentally congratulate them on their success, you keep a warm place in your hearts for the older favorites who have answered the call to a sterner duty for the duration.

The
Younger Stars
Carry On!

Lilla Ann Curtis makes a name for herself in her next important film. "The Commandant" brings up how she is the motherless daughter of a Post Master who as a foreign-as patriot helps the British destroy a Nibelung stronghold. "Cal-

2 Sabu, despite his senior post in the jungle camp in Arabian Nights. He is Al-Bihar Al-Bihar Tazewilul pindus lion of the old enchanting tale. Was-

3 You'd never expect a dynamic like Henry Aldrich and editing of the 1930s to be so good but it is the movies anything can happen. Jimmy you keep it the new wire-tap in Henry Aldrich Editor. PHENIX

4 Fiddle Baitcrosses right? we
English stages, and Billy Hooper wild
way of the road - have been a great trial
ship grows so much so that the ship's
a story of military school ethics. Cal.

[illegible]

6 The gut crew of a freighter on American naval unit, are the bases of The Navy Come through with Just a Cooper at the ship's youngest quarter. (RQ)

7 Corbin was said to have written one
warning from Vienna the morning
after he left the city of the Catholic
Polish who gets a mail-order husband-
gussie who—old was—son Hugh Hebert
but didn't like him. He was a Jew.

8 John Wilkes, wife & brother of Our
Bess cost for 'Johnny Doughboy' in
which a group of child stars organize a
Victory War Bond campaign to eliminate the
arms and amend their talents. Red-



SHINE, CHRISTMAS STAR

(Continued from page 18)

"What is it, Helene?" Miss Emerson brushed the damp hair back from the clammy forehead. "Why, you're ill!"

Just then Mrs. Kirby, carrying the gauzy costume carefully extended, came into the dressing room. "What is it?" she demanded, seeing her daughter's bowed head and Miss Emerson's anxious face.

"Ouch!" Helene cried, and doubled up, her hands to her stomach.

Mrs. Kirby rushed forward, tossing the costume aside. "It's appendicitis!" she cried.

"I'll call a doctor. Celia, you stay with her." Miss Emerson glanced at the round-eyed, half-dressed girls. "Put on your clothes, girls. There'll be no pageant tonight."

Helene let out a screech and caught at her teacher's skirt. "Listen, it's not appendicitis. It's—" she gasped in pain, "oysters."

"What?" they chorused, aghast.

"You remember when the class went to the shore last fall," Helene appealed to Miss Emerson. "You know—what—we did then."

"So, oysters again," said her teacher thoughtfully. "Well, we know how to fix that." She helped Helene to her feet and turned to Mrs. Kirby. "I don't suppose Helene told you, but we discovered on that trip that she's allergic to fresh oysters."

Helene lowered stricken eyes before her mother's dazed face, and dashed out of the room.

Fifteen minutes later Helene and her mother returned to the dressing room. Miss Emerson had gone ahead and was now rushing the cast into their costumes.

Helene sank down on the couch, vehemently protesting

that she was perfectly all right, only a little shaky. She said weakly to her mother, "Sigrid learned my songs. She's my understudy. Isn't that—lucky?"

"It's amazing," said Mrs. Kirby quietly. There was a queer expression in her eyes as she looked down at her daughter. She asked, "You're sure you feel all right, Helene?"

"Yes, Mother," Helene said meekly.

"Then," Mrs. Kirby walked briskly over to Sigrid, "I'd better help with this costume." She expertly settled the blue cloud over Sigrid's shoulders. "I'll

in front of the Angel chorus.

When the lights went on, Helene saw her parents making their way toward the stage. During the excitement that followed as they all came together—her parents, Miss Emerson, Sigrid, the committee that had seen all the Christmas programs—Helene sidled close to her mother. Mrs. Kirby's arm went around her and Helene felt warm and happy again. When a lull came in the buzz of talk, her mother said in her prettiest, most gracious manner, "I am sure Sigrid is the one who most deserves this instruction.

I'm delighted she's your choice for the scholarship."

"Celia, that is really generous!" Miss Emerson exclaimed.

Helene saw her mother's eyes and Miss Emerson's meet in perfect accord for the first time that she could remember. It was a great relief.

Going home Helene blurted out, squirming around on the car seat, "Mother, it was a terrible thing to do. But I couldn't see any other way."

"Maybe the situation called for strenuous measures," her mother said quietly. "Anyhow,

everything turned out all right."

"Wasn't she gorgeous?" breathed Helene.

She'd never forget how Sigrid actually looked like an angel with the light shining on the yellow braids wound round her head. Her voice soared like silver wings carrying a message of hope and peace. As she sang you could hear the prayerful voices of people everywhere.

"God bless Christmas and all the Sigrids in the world," murmured Helene drowsily, snuggling close to her mother. "And even," she sighed, "bless oysters."

WINDY NIGHT SONG

By DOROTHY DAZOUCHE

Some folk like warm days and summer and sun,
And days that are quiet and bright.
They stay in the house when the cold days come,
And pull down the shades at night.
But I like the wind blowing cold on my face,
And rumpling up my hair,
And I like the tingling feel of my nose,
And the smell of frost in the air

They like to sit close by the fireplace,
Indoors, where there is no sky
They never look out at the twisting trees,
Or the gray clouds scudding by
But I like the push of the wind driving me,
And whipping my coattails about
When you see me go racing down on my street,
Just listen and hear my heart shout!

have to have a safety pin to take in the waist. You're thinner than Helene. Otherwise, it's a perfect fit."

Helene huddled on the couch and watched the excited girls buzzing around. She felt mean and ashamed. Everything was turning out swell. Her mother was simply grand. Cold panic pricked at the roots of her hair. What, after all this, if Sigrid was a flop?

Sigrid was no flop. Helene, watching from the wings, heard the gasp of appreciation that swept through the darkened auditorium when the tall blonde girl in blue and silver stepped

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 26)

together, each girl contributing her knowledge, skill, and good taste. Perhaps they could form their own little club and vote on which pictures to hang.

Phyllis should appreciate the many times things do run smoothly and face her own full share of responsibility in making them click more often, and of course, both her sisters must also learn to face their obligations more effectively. All three girls will surely be happier when they all contribute to the happy living together they desire. It's no fun to "fight continually," is it?

It might be fun, too, sometimes to imagine how soldiers and "WAACs" learn to live together in tents or bunks, how Indians manage in teepees and Eskimos in their igloos; and what it's like to vacation in a hut or a log cabin! Each way of learning to manage would bring interesting challenges.

Phyllis is the oldest and so she can be the leader. If, instead of bossing or arguing, she makes sharing the same room an adventure, the younger girls will probably follow eagerly.

My father calls me baby. I hate the name and would much rather be called by my own name. If anyone should ask him whether or not he has any children, he would say, "Yes, a boy and a baby girl." Why can't he realize that I'm no baby?—Virginia N., aged 13, Washington.

OF course Virginia's dad knows she's not a baby—and hasn't been one for a long, long time! He probably uses the term because he's used to it, and it expresses his great affection for her.

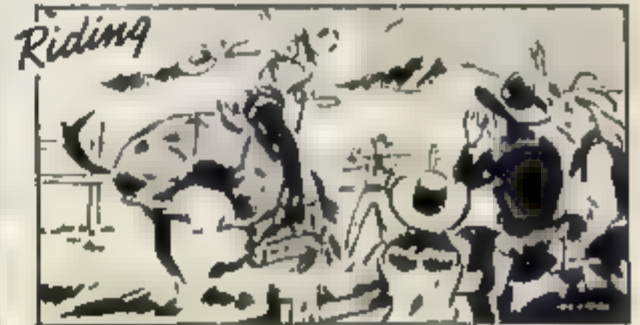
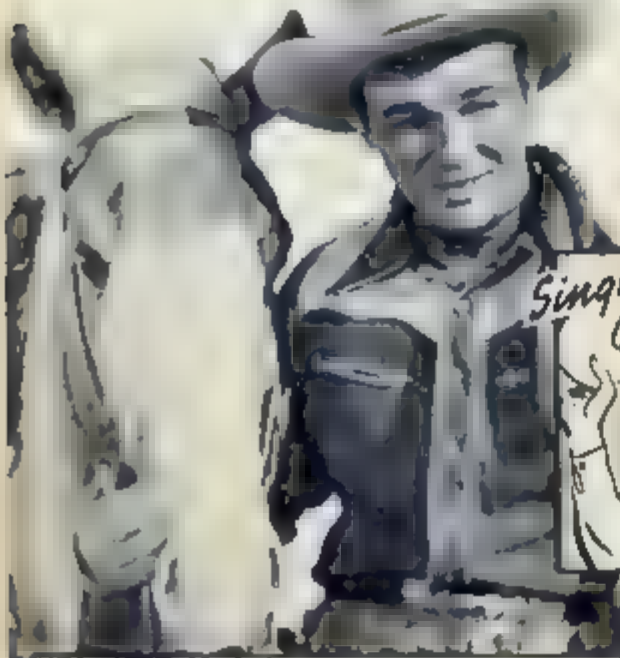
However, we can understand that to Virginia the word "baby," however lovingly used,

can be a source of irritation and interfere with her pleasant sense of growing up. We wonder whether she has ever tried to explain to her dad (quietly, and without excitement or anger) how she feels about this and asked him to learn to substitute "Jinny" or whatever name she's usually called. She can point out to him that thus he would be helping her to become a more and more sensible, responsible person.

We can't resist mentioning, too, that sometimes it helps to determine not to let a thing like that get you down. Lots of people know that Virginia is no baby and many can understand that her father addresses her thus from habit and out of affection. When he introduces her to folks as his "baby," couldn't she just add calmly, "My real name's Virginia?" That is her name and she wants to be known by it, of course.

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JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

Sweet as Sugar

Every sweet tooth deserves holiday fun! Treat yours to candy without using the family's sugar

Dear Jane:

Can you send me some special recipes for sugarless candy? My mother is a good sport about letting me mess around in the kitchen but she prefers me to go slow on the family's sugar ration. I'll be much obliged if you can help me out.

Here's hoping,

Duffy Craig

BELIEVE it or not, hundreds of readers of CALLING ALL GIRLS have come to Duffy's rescue—and yours, too. For tucked in with all the contributions that came in to our Favorite Recipe Contest were some delicious sugarless candy recipes. We've had testings and tastings, sniffs and snacks, and here are a few we think you'll find easy to make and that you'll like a lot. Maybe they'll help you put extra sweetness into the box you're packing for a boy at camp. Maybe they'll cheer up some English lad or lassie you know. Maybe they'll make your own gang round-up this holiday time that much more fun. Here's hoping.

Here's some good holiday news. In addition to the

grand five-dollar contest prize, we're going to pay a dollar each for any recipes sent to us which we use in this department.

The first recipe comes from Billie Perry, of Bradley, California, and we were thrilled to get it. That's because for years we've been buying candy like it in a little shop in Grand Central Station; but one day recently that shop just up and disappeared, and it was the only place in New York City we knew of that sold it! Now, thanks to Billie, we can make our own, and so can you. However, this is certainly a case of "What's in a name?" For the candy we bought under the name of Heavenly Hash tastes just as sweet when, as in this recipe, it's called Rocky Road.

Rocky Road or Heavenly Hash

12 marshmallows cut into quarters
1 lb. (or 2½ 6-oz. bars) milk chocolate
½ cup chopped walnuts

Cut each marshmallow into 4 pieces. Use a scissors if there's one handy in your kitchen. Heat water in bottom part of double boiler until it is at the boiling point. Turn heat down low so that water stays hot but

does not boil. Break milk chocolate into small pieces. Put it in top part of double boiler. Let it melt, stirring thoroughly so that there are no lumps left. Spread a thin, even layer of the chocolate over bottom of buttered pan. Put the cut marshmallows on top of the chocolate. Add nuts to remainder of chocolate and spread over top of marshmallows as evenly as possible. Place in refrigerator. When chocolate hardens and sets, cut candy into squares.

"Here is a recipe for Fruit Balls I think are worth eating!" That's what Patricia Brayton, of Minooka, Illinois, wrote us, and we agree.

Fruit Balls

1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup nuts
½ cup candied pineapple or dried apricots
Few grains salt
Powdered sugar or coconut for rolling

Combine raisins, nuts, and pineapple or apricots and salt. Put ingredients through food chopper. Knead mixture with your fingers so it is thoroughly blended. Make into small balls and roll in powdered sugar or coconut. If you want each ball to be exactly the same size, scoop up tablespoons of the fruit mixture, level off each one with a knife, roll, and dip. Chill in refrigerator.

Here's some more fruity sweetness from Dolores Dupler, of Columbus, Ohio. These "kisses" are really luscious!

THE WINNAHS!

Patty Close, Fort Wayne, Ind., won the \$5.00 offered in the October issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** for the best "favorite recipe." Winners of \$1.00 each for the 10 most interesting "pet peeves" received by October 5th are: Gladys Buschler, Detroit, Mich.; Nellie Ledray, Osoyoos, B. C.; Elizabeth Lee, San Francisco, Calif.; Joan Lincoln, Marisa, Va.; Mary Lou Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Patricia Anne Melzer, Haleshorpe, Md.; Betty Gene Smith, Columbia, S. C.; Dorothy Sutherland, Kingsport, Tenn.; Theresse Walsh, Pittsfield, Mass.; Adrienne Zwer, Bronx, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, published every month at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942

State of New York } ss. Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George J. Hecht, who having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in part on 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1 That the nature and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Margaret E. Jessup, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Frances Tillmann, 1 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Anne Business Manager, George J. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2 That the owner is The Parents Magazine Press, which is a wholly owned subsidiary of The Parents Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y., of which the stockholders owning more than 1% of the total amount of stock are: Louis Hamburger, 1, Hamburger & Co., Newark, N. J.; Chase National Bank Trustee under Trust Indenture dated April 9, 1929, 11 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry F. Guggenheim, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Hecht and Company, 68 11th Street, New York, N. Y.; George J. Hecht, Trustee, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Herzer Realty Corp., 954 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Herbert H. Lehman, Executive Director, Albany, N. Y.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; George W. Naumburg, 68 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of James H. Post, 129 Front Street, New York, N. Y.; Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Teachers College, Columbia University, 525 West 120th Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Lawrence Tillman, Lefroy Avenue, Terrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4 That the ten paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed, GEORGE J. HECHT
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1942.

(Seal) Catherine M. Martinides

(My commission expires March 30, 1943)

Marshmallow and Raisin Kisses

- 1 lb. (about 30) marshmallows
- 2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups (1/4 lb.) coconut

Halve marshmallows with a scissors. Put them in double boiler with the chocolate and butter. Turn heat low so water in bottom part of double boiler is very hot but doesn't boil. Stir marshmallows and chocolate until they melt. Remove from heat; add vanilla, raisins, and coconut. Put tablespoons of the mixture on waxpaper or buttered baking sheet and let harden in refrigerator.

Joan Robey, of Washington, D. C., thinks that Sugarless Chocolate Fudge is "the nicest treat a girl can make."

Sugarless Chocolate Fudge

- 1 8 1/2 or 7 oz. package semi-sweet chocolate
- 3/4 cup condensed milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Melt chocolate over hot water, stirring so that every bit of it melts. Add condensed milk. Stir until well blended, about 5 minutes. Don't mind if it looks lumpy! Remove from fire; add vanilla. Pour into pan lined with waxed paper. Add nuts to mixture or spread on top. Chill until firm. Then cut in squares. Enough for a 7- or 8-inch pie plate. This fudge is very soft, but oh so delicious.

And for good measure, here's a favorite recipe of my own.

Crunchies

- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup peanuts

Mix corn syrup, vinegar, molasses, and salt; cook to 240 degrees F. (or when small quantity dropped into cold water forms a hard but not brittle ball). Add butter or margarine; quickly stir in cereal and peanuts. Pack firmly into well-greased pan 8" x 12". Cool. Cut in 2" squares.

And happy holiday eating!

Is our face red? Through a typographical error the recipe for Lemon Chiffon Pie in the November issue gave the wrong proportion of salt. It should have called for 3/4 teaspoon of salt. All our apologies, and we hope you're not thirsty. We promise never to be so salty again!

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Who has a wonderful way of serving crisp, crunchy cereal? Who knows how to give bowls of steaming hot breakfast food a really delicious touch? Who uses CEREAL in a favorite recipe for cake, cookies, meat loaf, candy, muffins, waffles, griddle cakes, soup, cheese, or fish dishes, or what-have-you? We'll give a \$5 prize for the recipe we choose as Cereal Recipe of the Month and pay \$1.00 for each other cereal recipe used in our Junior House-keeping columns. Entries must reach us by January 5, 1943. Each must state the sender's name, address, and age. Address Jane Richards, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

GIVE AND TAKE

Give presents that have zip, and be
a smoothie about those you receive

By ELEANOR BOYKIN

Author of "This Way Please: A Book of Manners"

SOME years ago, one of our funny magazines offered some advice on giving presents. "Always give people something they wouldn't think of getting for themselves," it said. "For instance, give a baby a safety razor."

This must be the basis on which some people operate. Else why should Chrystabel, who lives in a town apartment, get a croquet set and Charley, who is a bookworm, receive a baseball mitt? And possibly you, who love dainty things, be surprised with a tool box? A surprise may be a pick-me-up, but an all-out surprise can be, and sometimes is, a knock-out blow. It's more fun for Chrystabel and Charlie to receive something they'd like to get for themselves.

True, you may not have an inside track into their thoughts. Then give them something you think you'd like if you were in their stockings. That's the secret of giving presents that ring the bell—imagining yourself in the other person's place. But that doesn't mean you should give your baby sister a walking, talking, crying, life-size doll just because at her age you simply ached for one.

The troublesome problem of cost is one to be settled first. Giving someone a present you can't afford to buy is bad judgment and bad taste. Real generosity means denying yourself something you want in order to have money to use for another.

■ 6



Chrystabel and Charlie don't look very happy about their gifts, but can you blame them? They are cliff dwellers and book worms, too!

Your pocketbook may jingle hardly at all, and yet you can have the fun of giving. Put your fingers to work! "Made-it-myself" presents have a special charm all their own. Try sending some of your candy or cookies to Bob at camp or making a paper and twine bag for Grandmother and see how your stock goes up. Today, when outright extravagance is unpatriotic, it's smart to give presents that can be put to use, to take care not to give a "white elephant" that will soon be stuck away in attic or storeroom. Don't forget that one of the most acceptable presents you can give anyone now is War Savings Stamps,

which you can get in any amount.

Be sure your presents don't have a hobo look—dirty string, crumpled wrapping paper, ragged tissue around them. A gadget from the dime store takes on glamour when it's nicely wrapped (that in itself says, "with love"); but what would the Hope diamond look like tied up in a wad of newspaper?

Another way to show that you really care is to get your present where it's going on time. Of course, if you're smitten by whooping cough or marooned by a blizzard when mailing time comes, don't hold back a present entirely; send it

when you can with an explanation. But a late Christmas present sometimes suggests that you weren't thinking of giving any until you were surprised by receiving one. This is not the true spirit of giving, and nobody can enjoy a present that seems forced.

If you are ever in doubt about giving someone a present, hold a solo quiz program. Do you really want to give the present or are you merely expecting (or hoping) to get one in return? Would the other person like to have the present or be embarrassed by it? Are your parents willing to provide the money for it, if you haven't enough already, or must you tease them for the cash? If the questions add up to no, you can still play Remembering Rita with a card or telephone call or perhaps a visit.

Presents to boys? Not ordinarily. However, if you and Pat have been good friends for a long time, if he drops into your house often and sometimes takes you to movies or school dances, and you fancy giving him a trifle for his birthday or Christmas, go to it! But don't drop a present into a boy's lap in the hope of having more attention from him. It won't work.

Let's turn now to the receiving end. It's a curious thing that more people give with grace

than receive with grace. The first point in gracious receiving, of course, is not to go to sleep over your "thank you." Do you wait for Mother to remind you several times, "Have you written to thank Aunt Helen yet?" and then finally get off a letter that sounds somewhat as if wild horses had dragged it from you? If so, you are eligible for membership in the Stingy Receivers Club. It may help you to get pen and paper together more promptly to remember that words come more easily when your feeling about your present is still warm, and also that you don't have to write a book.

Try to let a trickle of enthusiasm get into your letter; you have probably heard of the little girl who wrote, "Thank you for the pincushion. I have always wanted one, but not very much." But if you are too free with "most wonderful," "perfectly darling," and "thrilled to my toes" you won't seem sincere. Avoid starting with a lecture: "You shouldn't have sent me that beautiful handkerchief case. It was too much for you to do"—and so on.

You'll sound as if you hadn't seen the gift if you write, "Thank you so much for the lovely present. It certainly was sweet of you to remember me." Why not mention the present by name and tell why you like it, if you do, and can? "I'm pink with delight over the tricky sewing kit you sent me. How I will use it! It was sweet of you to remember that I'm taking up sewing next term and to send me some homework equipment. Many, many thimblefuls of thanks to you." If the basket is in your favorite color, don't let that pass unnoticed either.

The tips for thank-you letters go for thanks over the telephone or in person. When you are generous in your appreciation, you are also giving—giving the present-giver pleasure that has a kick in it. You help put the blessing into giving when you receive with warmth and thoughtfulness.



Your pocketbook may not jingle, but you can have the fun of giving. "Made-it-myself" presents have a charm all their own.

**CROCHET
OR KNIT
...YOU'LL
MAKE A HIT!**

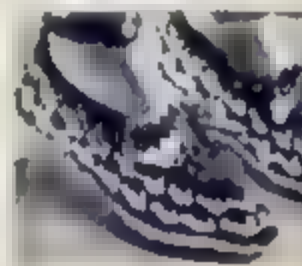


Star Book shows you how!



You, with your own hands, can make these beautiful gifts easily and quickly! You couldn't give presents that would be more appreciated, and you'll be rated a super-super-smartie for your originality and skill! Ask for "Star Variety Show", the wonderful 10¢ book that shows you how to knit and crochet all sorts

of fascinating things . . . trick jewelry, smart handbags, cozy slippers-with-style and many others. There are complete instructions for 41 different novelties and useful gifts that are fun to make and cost little! Get a copy of "Star Variety Show" right away...just send 10¢ with this coupon.



**You can give them away...
or make YOURSELF a present**

FREE EXTRA!

5 other instruction leaflets if you order two or more of the Star books in coupon!



.. Mother will be borrowing this book . . . lots of things for her to make, too!

American Thread Co., Dept. CAG1
P.O. Box 78, Canal St. Sta., N.Y.

I am enclosing 10¢ (11¢ in Canada) for each of the books checked below:

STAR VARIETY SHOW of Knitted and Crocheted Models #21
BABIES ARE SUCH FUN TO DRESS #20
STAR BOOK FOR THE HOME #19
STAR BOOK OF 100 EDGINGS #18

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



They're new. They're original. They're dreamed up by girls with ideas and imagination, and they're fun to make!

Can You Tie These?—Here's the solution for that old broken string of beads you've been holding onto. String them on a piece of wire. Shape the wire into a bow. It makes a very fine hair ornament.—*Edna Riddel, Manchester, N. H.* If you want to show the Navy influence in your life, wear a green hair bow on the right side of your head and a red one on the left. When your friends ask why, say they stand for starboard and port lights.—*Sue James, Brockville, Ont.*

Foolish Fittings—Just to show you that the strangest things can come in handy, how about cuff links made of ordinary nuts and bolts? Screw them half closed and color with nail polish.—*Shirley E. Fish, Minneapolis, Minn.* If angling is your game, you don't need to tell fish stories to let people know. Buy a package of flashy fish sinkers, and sew them evenly around the bottom of your dress or a skirt. It's very catchy and gives a Spanish effect.—*Margo Philbrick, Skowhegan, Me.*

Budget Boons—If you're short on jewelry money, here's a lapel pin for a penny! Polish the penny with cleanser until it shines like new. Then glue a safety pin on the back. Your money will now gleam brightly from the outside of your pocket. If you prefer costlier jewelry, a nickel can be used the same

**\$1 will be paid for each
Gadget for Girls published**

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

way.—*Bonnie Dell Brooks, Batesville, Ark.*

A Puff and a Puff—For a strictly different powder puff—to give yourself a pat on the back after your bath—take a colored shoe tree with wooden toe and heel supports. Slit a colored puff and slip it over the toe. Gather it on snugly and garnish with ribbons, lace, and rosettes. Very cute and handy on your dressing table or bureau.—*Betty A. Platt, London, Ont.* Another idea concerning shoes and a puff—use an old powder puff to polish your shoes. You will probably be able to keep it in the wax polish tin. It works very well and is easy to use.—*Lydia Banome, Long Beach, N. Y.*

Patriotic to the Ears—Take a pair of plain round earrings. Crochet a little blue jacket of embroidery cotton for each one. Then embroider a red "V" on one and a white one on the other. Or you can embroider a white "V" with a small red "V" inside it. The earrings are very attractive with your dress-up red, white, and blue

outfits.—*Mary Gilchrist, White Horse, Alta.* If you would rather buy War Stamps instead of earrings, you can still have your earrings, too! Hunt around in your old button box and find two pretty buttons with the holes on the back—not the kind that the holes come through the front of the button. Use a small piece of wire or pipe cleaner for the clasp. Run the wire through the holes and fasten at one end. Then bend the remaining wire around your ear lobe. Cute, eh, what?—*Evelyn Faress, Charleston, S. C.*

Never Too Old For Dolls!—The trick these days is to have a rag doll dressed just like yourself and use it for a purse! Make a miniature of one of your own dresses for the doll—or lots of them if you're full of ambition. Slit the doll down the back and insert a zipper. When you're through putting change, hankies, comb, and whatnot in her, she'll have enough stuffing to keep her shape.—*Barbara J. Whittleton, Hannibal, Mo.* Even your old celluloid dolls have their uses, if they're made to stand alone. Cut a small piece from the bottom of the feet with a pocket knife. Pour in your favorite talcum powder and seal with adhesive tape. Heat the point of a needle and punch several little holes in the head of the doll. Dress her to match your room and she will be a very different shaker for your dresser.—*Donna Evans, Butte, Mont.* Have you given up playing with paper dolls, too? Don't throw them out—they still have their uses. Reinforce them with cardboard, cut them up, and make them into jigsaw puzzles. They make cute prizes for a party or presents for little tots. You will find that they come in handy, especially with Christmas coming and all the young relatives on your list.—*Betty Hartin, Sacramento, Calif.*

PINS FOR YOUR CLUB!
Beautifully Styled—Low Prices!
Make your members members of their membership. Write for catalog, show all styles, starting and gold plate on sterling. Choose a design suitable for your group.
—BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 4 Rochester, N. Y.

The POLL of JUNIOR OPINION

How the readers of this magazine voted on the second set of questions, and a set of four new questions on which your vote is invited

GIRLS have minds of their own and are expressing them! The second Poll of Junior Opinion, conducted by Alec and George Gallup, Jr., sons of the director of the famous Poll of Public Opinion, brought thousands of interesting replies to our questions. Alec and George, in consultation with the editors of this magazine, have worked up a new set of questions for the third Poll, and we hope that you will send in your votes on them. Here are the opinions expressed by our readers on the four questions which we asked you last time.

1. Home Work: Apparently you don't too much mind home work! 51% of you voted to get out of school as early as possible, and to do required study at home; but only 47% preferred to change the generally accepted system, in order to stay in school longer and

do required work before going home. 2% of the girls had no opinion.

2. Length of War: The girls seem not to be overly optimistic, nor unduly pessimistic about this question. While only 4% think the war will end in less than a year, 78% believe it will not last as long as five years. Here are the results of the Poll on the question, "How long do you think the war will last?"

Less than 1 year	4%
1 year	13%
2 years	26%
3 years	23%
4 years	12%
5 years	9%
6 to 10 years	8%
No Opinion	5%

3. Preparation for War Work: You're pretty evenly divided as to your opinion on this,

too—45% are for military training for boys and girls during high school, 52% for waiting until graduation before taking military training, 2% gave no opinion, and a few rugged individualists suggested other ideas, such as making training optional.

4. Movies: You surprised us with your answers to this one! Apparently, gals would rather laugh than go all a-flutter over some romantic film—at least, comedies lead all the rest as favorites. Here's how you voted:

War Pictures	11%
Mysteries	20%
Musicals	21%
Comedies	23%
Westerns	4%
Romances	12%
Historical Pictures	8%
No Opinion	1%

HOW TO VOTE

If you are between 8 and 17 years of age, fill out the ballot and mail it to us. Your vote must be received by December 30, 1942.

Here is a ballot which makes it very easy for you to cast your vote. Put a cross in the box in front of the statement that best represents your own opinion on each question. Mark only one answer for each question. And be sure to fill in your name, address, and other informa-

tion on the reverse side of the ballot. Then cut out your ballot and mail to the Poll of Junior Opinion, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Get your friends and the members of your club to vote on these questions, too. Ask your teacher to have the class vote. Votes may be sent on postal cards or by letter, but be sure they include all the information indicated on this ballot.

THIS MONTH'S QUESTIONS

1. Double- or Single-Feature Movies: When you go to the movies, do you like to see one feature picture, with shorts, newsreels, and cartoons, or do you prefer to see two full-length pictures?

2. Sports in Wartime: There is some argument as to whether major sporting events, such as baseball and football games, tennis, boxing, and hockey matches, etc., which are attended by big crowds, should be conducted while we are at war. Do you think these events should be continued or given up for the duration of the war?

3. War Savings: What portion of his or her allowance do you think every girl and boy should invest in War Savings Stamps or Bonds each week? This does not mean money earned, either especially to buy War Stamps, Bonds, and Certificates or for other purposes. If you are not given an allowance, answer what portion you think you should invest, if you had one.

4. After-School Jobs: Many boys and girls have regular jobs which they do after school hours, such as taking care of younger children, running errands, etc., by which they earn money. Do you have such a job, and what is it?

BALLOT

1. Double- or Single-Feature

Movies:

- ☐ I prefer one feature picture.
☐ I prefer double-feature movies.

2. Sports in Wartime:

- ☐ I think major sporting events should be given up for the duration.

Why?

- ☐ I think major sporting events should be conducted as usual.

Why?

3. War Savings:

I think boys and girls should regularly put this part of their allowances into War Savings Stamps, Bonds, or Certificates. (Check one or fill in your own answer in last space.)

- ☐ All ☐ One-quarter
☐ Three-fourths ☐ One-tenth
☐ One-half ☐ None

☐

(Continued on reverse side)

HOW TO TREAT DISFIGURING PIMPLES



Never pick at or scratch a surface pimple—you may make it worse. Instead, do as thousands have done so successfully during the past 35 years—turn to Poslam as a true-and-tried skin aid. This CONCENTRATED ointment works wonders in dealing with such red, itchy, angry-looking outbreaks. For swift relief, thinly coat pimples with Poslam before applying make-up. This way Poslam helps hide the disfigurement while it gets in its trusty treatment. Leaving some Poslam on the face overnight is also recommended. Poslam hardly shows on the skin; brings fast, pleasing results. Only 50c, all druggists.



MUST DO A JOB

A recent nation-wide survey among nurses showed that 98% approve claims made for Poslam. Also recommended by doctors.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. K-1, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City

PROSLAM

BALLOT

(Continued from preceding page)

4. After-School Jobs:

- ☐ I do earn money from a regular after-school job.

What job?

- ☐ I do not have any job to earn money.

Name

Address

City State

I am a ☐ boy ☐ girl years

old, in the grade.

School

Address

This ballot is to be mailed to the Poll of Junior Opinion, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Nice Headwork

The hair that makes you throw up your hands in despair really can be your "crowning glory"

By NELL GILES

Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

JUST about now, the calendar moves along toward Christmas and the turning point in the year. 1942 begins to be 1943. What's new with you? Not your hair-do, I'll bet. Funny how seldom a hair-do is really a smash-bang original



This hair-do is going to a party. It's softly fluffed and held with a flower spray.

idea meant just for you, and how often it's a second-hand style.

You see that New Girl with a cocker-spaniel hair-do and because it gives her a come-hither look, you go home and comb your hair long and floppy at the sides, forgetting that you are a short, rather plump girl with a face that is all eyes. Or the captain of the swimming team comes in with a new short hair-do that does things for her, and you immediately set your heart on one just like it, ignoring the fact that you are a tall, thin girl with a long neck.

There's only one way to do your hair and that's your way! Stand before a full-length mirror and examine yourself critically and honestly. Your height and weight, the shape of your face, and the type of hair you

have will all influence your choice of a hair-do. If you are a short girl or have a round face, you'll go for the short hair styles with a brushed-upward look, but no side fullness. If you're tall and thin, a long, casual hair-do is your best bet; and if your face is long and thin, you'll relieve it with some fluff on the sides for filling or with bangs brushed forward from the crown of your head to your face.

If you're that lucky girl with the "regular," classic Greek-statue features that are the artist's delight, you'll wear your hair simply, to bring out your oval-shape face, straight small nose, nicely rounded chin.



This hair-do is going to school. It's smooth and simple and so it will stay put.

A center part and braids, which would make another girl look plain, will provide the right setting for you. Or try a little number called "Party Line." This is more in the holiday spirit and calls for two gay little bows to pull your hair back squarely from a center part. Wear the bows jauntily at your hairline, just above the temples, and let your hair hang

smooth and straight, casually turned up or under at the ends

But suppose your face doesn't come in the "regular" style. You've already taken steps to develop your wit and your personality—an effort which the pretty girl doesn't always



Easy to comb and to care for, yet soft and pretty—this hair-do goes any place.

bother to make. But your hair-do, too, deserves a little thought. Your kind of face needs a soft hair-do. Not a straight, severe pompadour piled on top of your head, but soft curls, perhaps brushed off your face and then turned toward it. Keep the irregular look about your hair-do, nothing set or plain.

But keep it simple, please. If



Center part, smooth crown, ringlets wound around bows for a different hair-do.

you like a feather cut, keep it shipshape. Brush it often through the day (but in private, of course!) to give it that shiny, casual look that is anything but careless. And if you do your

hair up in pin curls at night, use little hairpins rather than bobby pins, and take larger pieces of hair. This will make it all look much more natural and untouched by human hands. For special, dress-up occasions, a ten-cent wax stick will help keep flying hair in place. If your hair is dry, spray on a little brilliantine very, very lightly and brush it in. A hair-do with two personalities—one serious for school and sport, one gadabout for social



Streamlined braids, perky bows, and a lopknot of curls put pep into pigtails.

All hair styles designed by Mr. Paul, style director, Charles of the Ritz, New York City

events and Sundays—is the favorite of New York City's crack hair stylists.

Don't even attempt to have pretty hair unless you're willing to brush it twice a day with your own brush.

Wash your hair at least every ten days with liquid shampoo. Don't rub cake soap on your hair. Shampoo twice and rinse thoroughly. There's nothing glamorous in a soapy hair-do.

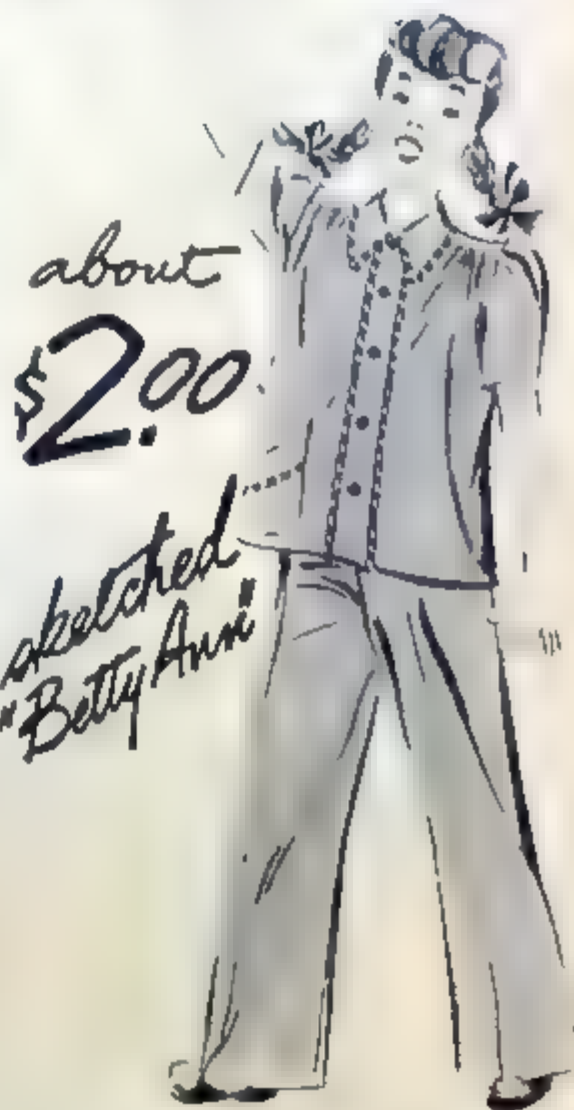
Or, for that matter, in a crooked part. Who knows what could happen if a girl used her head on her hair-do?

BEAUTY BOMER

By FLORETT ROBINSON

Behold the mop that's Mary B.;
See how the breezes blow it free.
One curl's up, the other's down;
Hair in the eye makes Mary frown.
Safe in the drawer she hides her
brush.
She'll never make the stag-line
rush!

Calling All TOM GIRLS



Tom Girl Jr. PAJAMAS

Pretty to bed and pretty to rise
In Tom Girl Pajamas styled to your size.
Choose rayons, crepes or colorful prints,
Broadcloths, percales, in delicate tints.

Sizes 8 to 16

At the following stores

B. Altman & Co.	New York City
Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
L. S. Ayres & Company	Indianapolis, Ind.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	
and Branch Stores	Boston, Mass.
B. Ferman Co.	Rochester, N. Y.
Joseph Horne Co.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Huzar Brothers Co.	Baltimore, Md.
The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.	Columbus, Ohio
The John Shillito Company	Cincinnati, Ohio
Strawbridge & Clothier	Philadelphia, Pa.
Thalhimer	Richmond, Va.

or write

EASTERN ISLES • 1350 Broadway, N.Y.C.



Peggy, miniature mannequin, complete with sewing kit.

Make yourself an ACCESSORY Dress

HAVEN'T you always wanted a perfect "accessory" dress, one that you could transform with different accessories? Well, stop wishing and start sewing—for here it is—the background dress for your holiday accessories. All you need for size 12 is three yards of 35" wide fabric (2¾ yards of 39" fabric). We suggest rayon crepe, as selected by R. H. Macy's Junior Sewing Class in New York, where this dress was made. Multiply your dress into a wardrobe with accessories. Sizes 12 to 20.

For your copy of the Advance Fashion News, write Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. Please enclose 3c stamp to cover postage.



Above—Dress up with a lacy Barouche collar and a Madcap stitched velvet fez with tassel. At left—contrasting rayon velvet ascot and wrap-around turban by Glensder.



ADVANCE DRESS NO. 3120



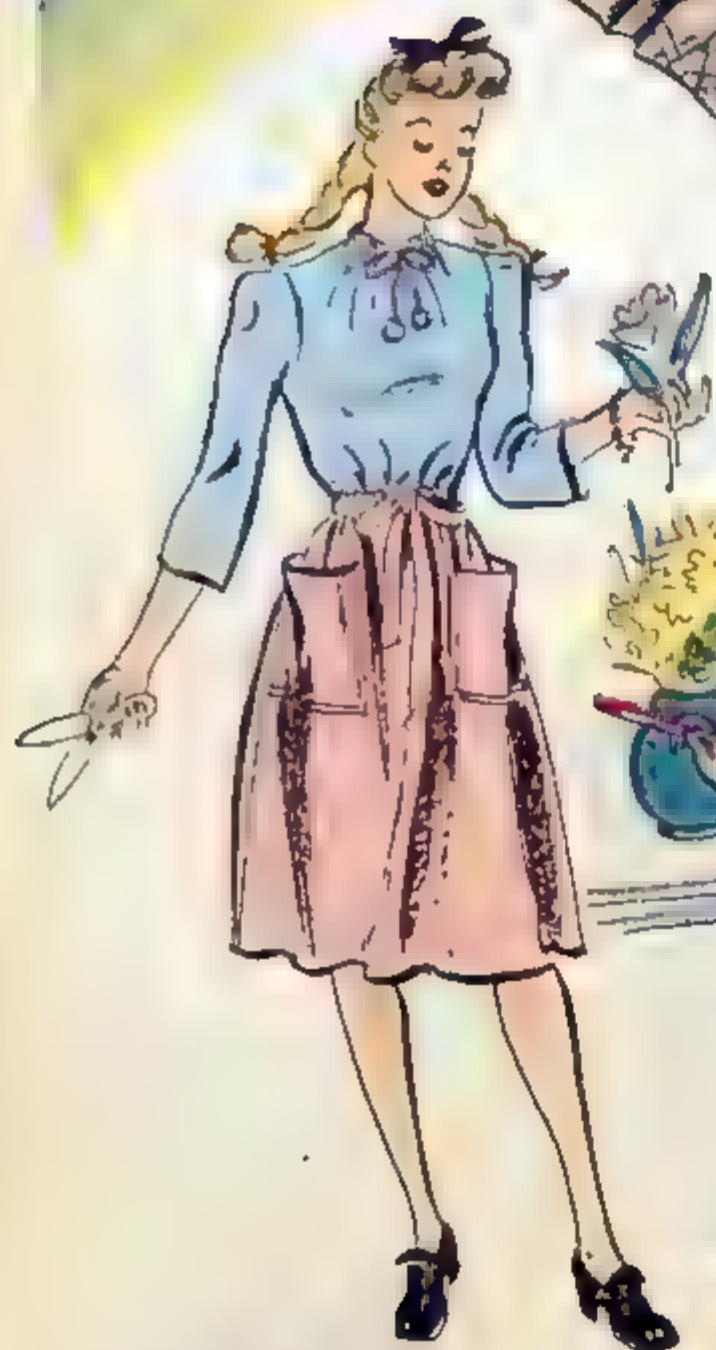
From top to bottom—Gladdy shoe-button necklace and bracelet by Tween-Age. Chevron-buckled belt by Schaffer. Black-out gardenias (they shine in the dark) by Herman Plaut.

Blossom out into Winter Pastels

Dyed-to-match pastel sweaters and skirts by Touraine.



TIRED of dark winter colors? Want to look like the first breath of next spring at your Christmas parties? Well, pastels are as refreshing as a "sweet" number in the middle of a jive session. Look for them in the teen department of your favorite store, or write to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



DRAWSTRING—The newest fad in teen skirts—the drawstring dirndl. Here it is in luscious pastel woollen, about \$8. Top it with a pastel drawstring blouse in rayon, about \$3. At Franklin Simon, New York City and Greenwich, Conn.



RAINBOW—It's your move now to a checkerboard pastel dress, like this dea-vine spun rayon that comes in out-of-this-world colors. Teen sizes, of course, 10 to 16. About \$8. At Franklin Simon, New York City and Greenwich, Conn.



QUILTER—Pastels are news in spun rayon quilted fashions. Quilted jerkins lined in calico, and plain matching skirt, about \$8 complete. Contrasting rayon flannel skirt about \$4. At Saks-5th Avenue, New York City, Chicago, and Beverly Hills.

"Killer Dillers"

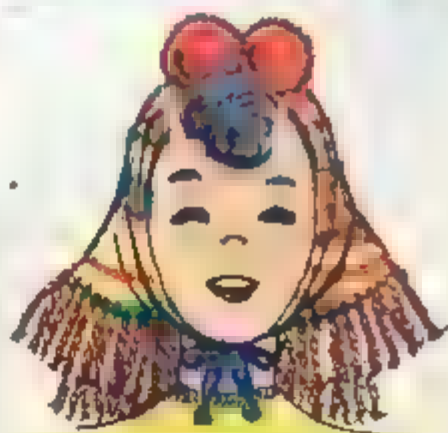
for CHRISTMAS DOLLARS

WHAT gorgeous gadgets! Start wishing for them now and maybe they will crop out on your Christmas tree. Of course, you might drop a gentle hint to fond friends or relatives!

See Killer Dillers in the Teen "Gadgeterias" of your favorite store, or write to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York



Fringed drawstring "Hoodwinker" by Glensder. About \$1.



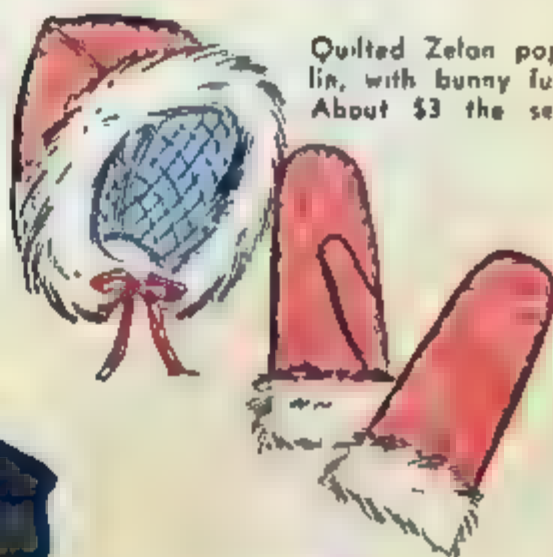
Fringed, hooded berchief Cinderella Knit. Knack. About \$1



Felt Dutch cap and clever purse-belt. About \$2 each.



"Piggy Bank" lapel pin. About \$1.



Quilted Zetan poplin, with bunny fur. About \$3 the set



"Heart Breaker" jewelry of gaily painted wood. About \$1 each.



Corduroy dirndl by Derby, tri-color, felt appliques. About \$4.



"Tassel Tab" val-veteen with felt. About \$3 the set.



Gay felt bodice for your dreads. About \$3



Quilted cotton flannel mitts, peaked cap. About \$2 each.



Santa Maria Per-tee, embroidered felt. About \$1.

GIRL SABOTEUR

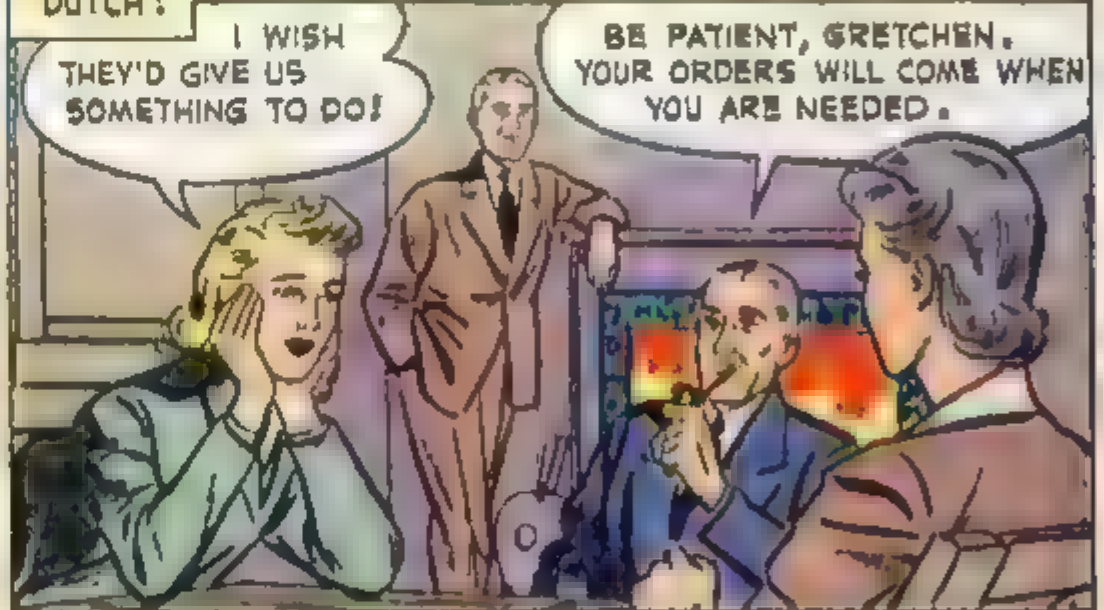
THE TRUE STORY OF A 17-YEAR-OLD DUTCH GIRL WHO FOUGHT THE NAZIS. FOR HER FAMILY'S SAFETY, WE CALL HER SIMPLY GRETCHEN.



AFTER THE NAZIS CONQUERED HOLLAND, GRETCHEN JOINED A RING OF UNDERGROUND SABOTEURS COMPOSED OF LOYAL DUTCH!

I WISH THEY'D GIVE US SOMETHING TO DO!

BE PATIENT, GRETCHEN. YOUR ORDERS WILL COME WHEN YOU ARE NEEDED.



IF ONLY WE KNEW OTHERS IN THE SABOTAGE RING.

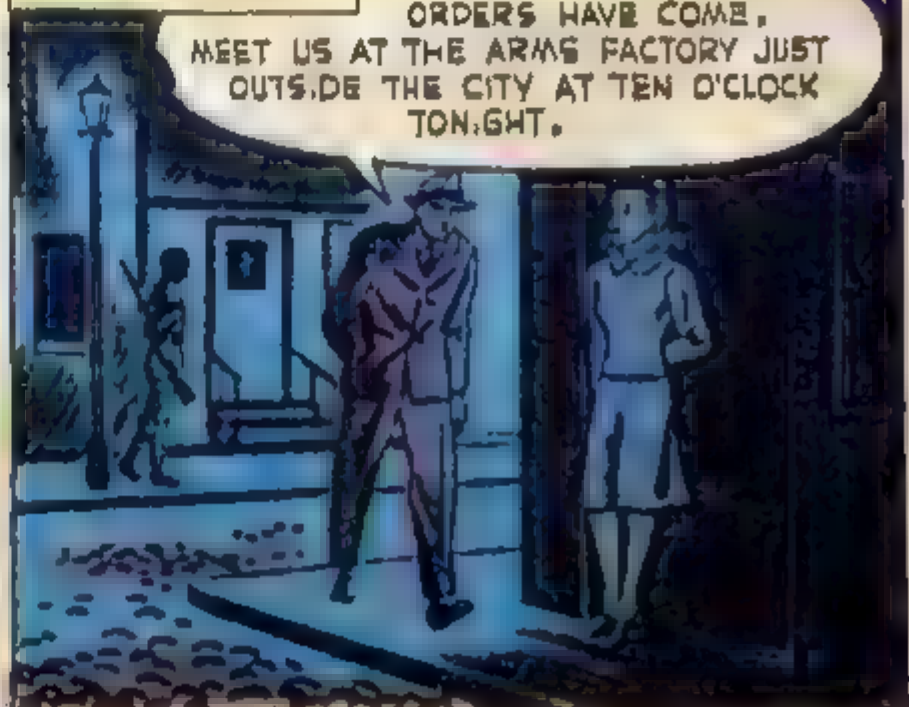
BUT WE COULDN'T KNOW THEM ALL. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US, MY FRIEND, THROUGH ALL THE OCCUPIED TERRITORY!

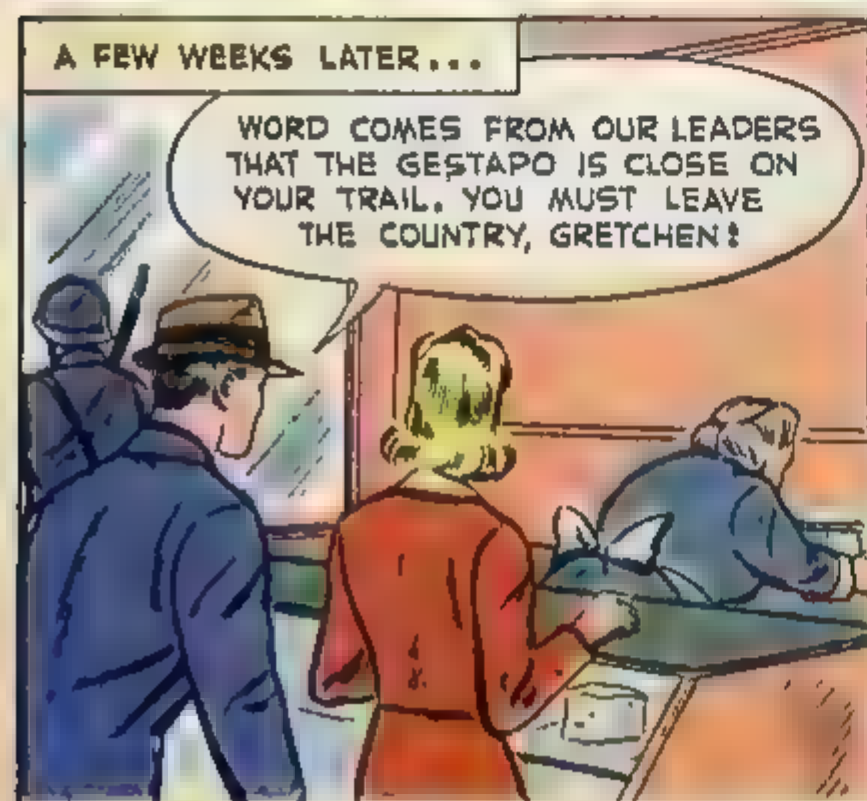
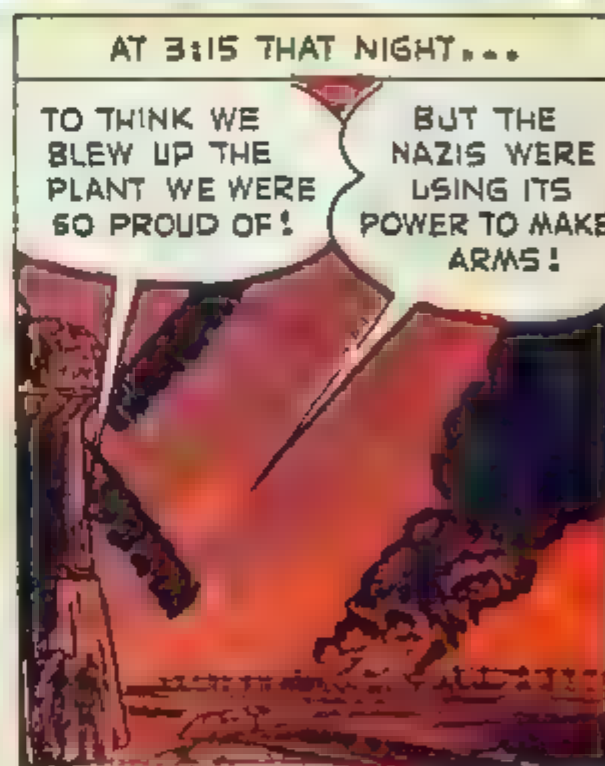
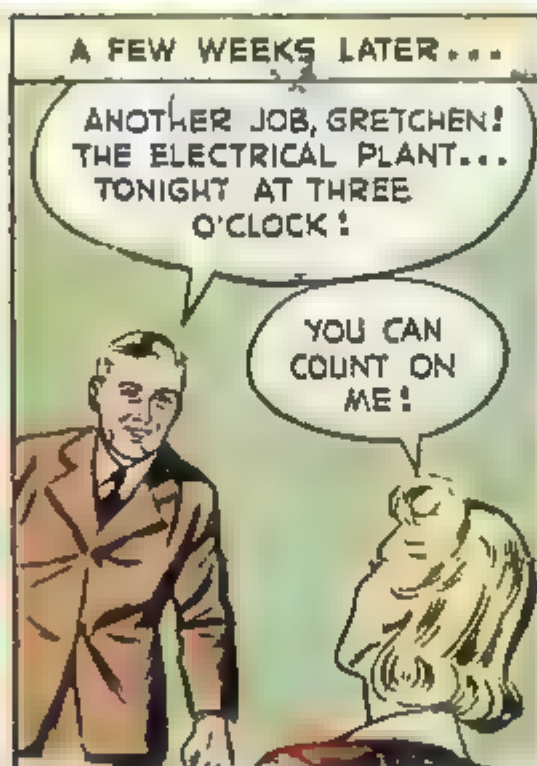
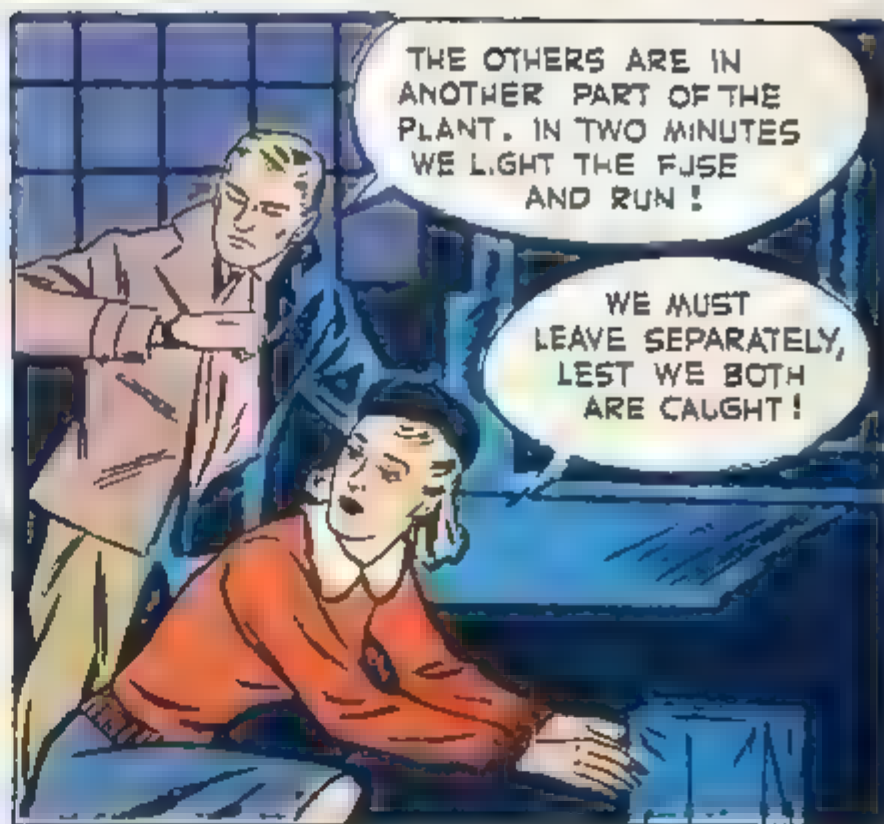
THERE MIGHT BE TRAITORS AMONG US. IF ONLY A FEW ARE KNOWN TO EACH OTHER, THE RISK OF BETRAYAL IS LESS.

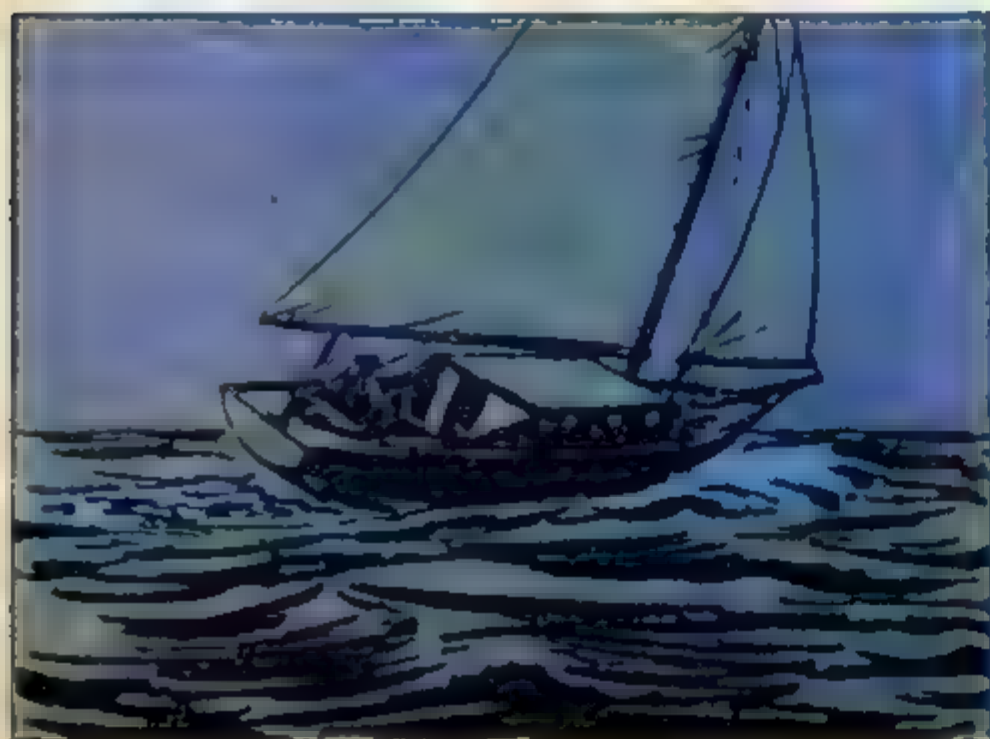
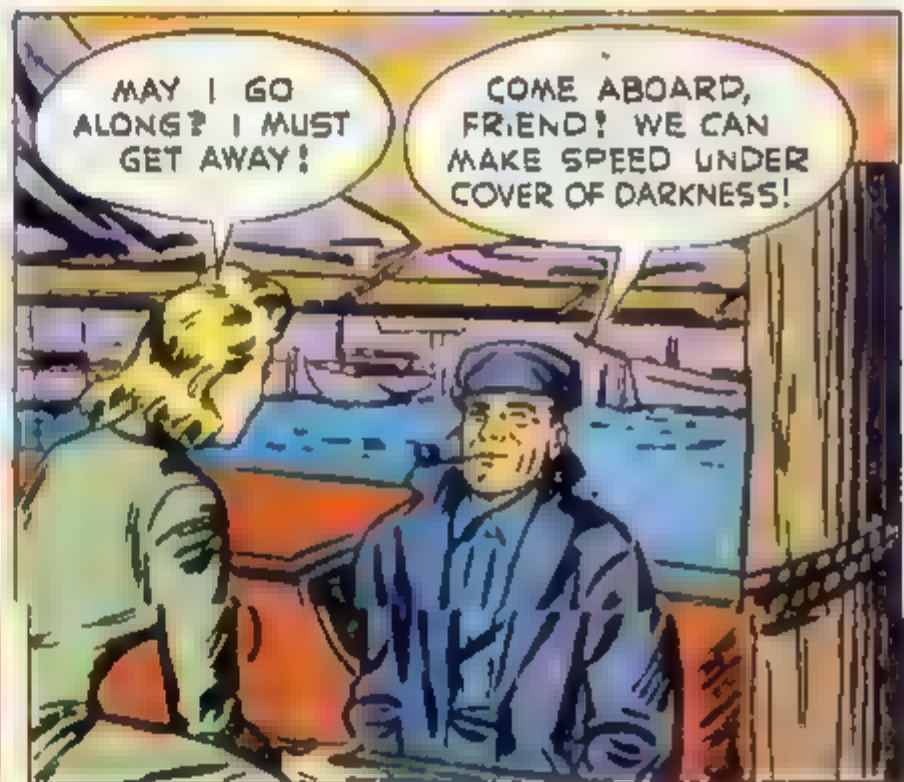


GRETCHEN DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT. A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

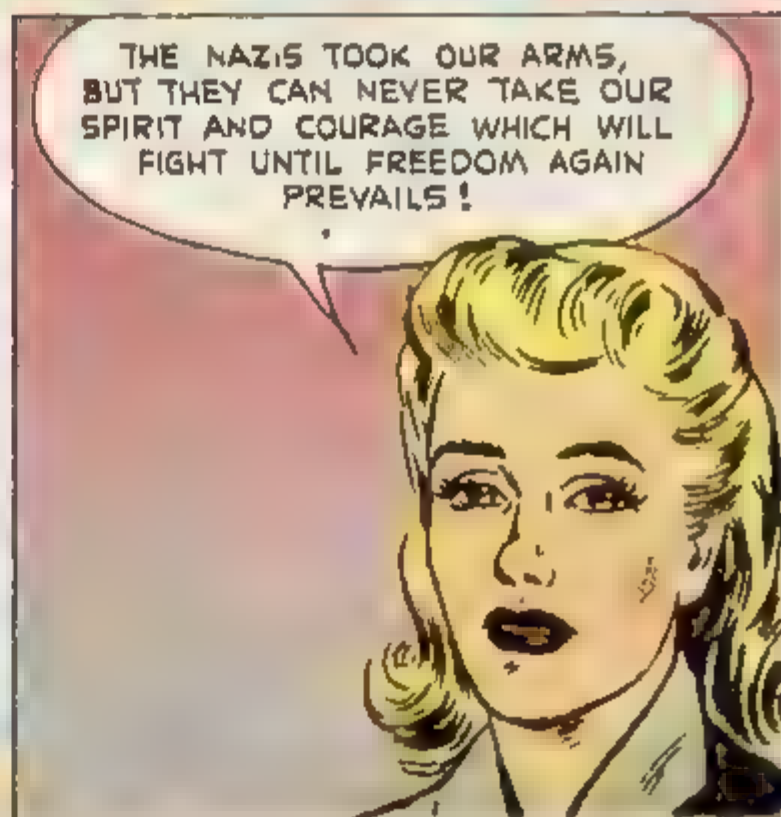
ORDERS HAVE COME. MEET US AT THE ARMS FACTORY JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY AT TEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT.







AND SO GRETCHEN ESCAPED TO NEUTRAL TERRITORY.



THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

(Continued from page 10)

her face in her pillow prepared to follow her own advice. Marty, beside her, mumbled in her sleep something about witches. Then she threw out one arm hitting Pam smartly across the face.

"I take it all back," declared Pam, sitting bolt upright. "Sue, will you make that woman stop? She's worse than a machine gun. I can't stand that rat-a-tat-tatting in my ears all night."

"As for me," remarked Shirley with a toss of her head, "think nothing of it. I'm used to sleeping under fire."

Rat-a-tat-tat! The banging kept growing louder. Sue thought she heard the wailing of a siren along with it. The voice called, "I said shut off that phonograph!"

Sue glared at the little portable radio which reposed on Shirley's dresser. But the instrument was innocent. It had been turned off for hours.

"We haven't any phonograph!" she yelled back.

It was no use. The woman couldn't hear her with the bedroom door closed. In a moment she'd have Marty awake and then there would be a scene. The child had gone to bed with her book and it would be the first thing she'd ask for in the morning. Sue could reason with her then, but not at this hour. She couldn't even reason with herself.

Party! she thought. Phonograph! It didn't make sense.

She was up now, pulling on her slippers and shrugging into her white terry-cloth bathrobe. Without turning on the living-room light, she made her way to the door and opened it. There stood the superintendent's wife, Mrs. Draeger, looking more like a dragon than ever. The stare she gave Susan was enough to wither a cactus.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself?" she demanded.

Sue blinked at her and then put up her arm, in its wide

white sleeve, to shield her eyes from the sudden glare of the hall light.

"I'm sorry. I have nothing to say. I'm only half awake," she stammered, still shielding her eyes.

"Well, I must say that's quite a get-up," remarked the superintendent's wife, scrutinizing her bathrobe, "but you needn't try any of this ghost business on me. You may as well turn on the lights and tell your white-sheeted friends in there to come out and show them-

Things to look forward to in CALLING ALL GIRLS

out about the first of every month

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

A new, exciting adventure of
Connie Martin and her gang.

NEW YEAR'S TAKE-OFF

And stay-put, too—er how to
make these resolutions stick!

EAR ROAD TO CHARM

Ways to achieve a "soft, gentle,
and low" voice to add oomph.

DARING MADMOISELLE

A picture story of a French girl who
escaped from France in a nine-foot boat.

And lots 'n' lots more grand
stories, comics, features

selves. You can't fool me. I can see them moving back there.

Sue turned in amazement. In the dim light that came through the window she could see the bird cage with its white towel cover swinging eerily back and forth on its bracket.

"That's only the towel I used to cover the bird cage."

Mrs. Draeger laughed unpleasantly.

"I suppose you'll be telling me next that the bird turned off the phonograph. We could hear it all over the building."

"Is that so?" Susan asked in surprise. "What record was it playing?"

"Some old dance tune. 'Three

O'clock in the Morning' and a scratchy record at that. Appropriate, too. It's exactly three o'clock."

"It is?"

Sue shivered and pulled her bathrobe closer. She had never been up at three o'clock except once when the girls all went somewhere on a train.

"I thought," she said gravely, "that ghosts were supposed to appear at midnight."

The woman's eyes narrowed. She didn't seem to appreciate the joke, but Pam, who had crept closer to listen, was unable to suppress a giggle.

"There! What did I tell you?" snapped Mrs. Draeger. "Your father never allowed you to have company at this hour and I don't propose to allow it either. Now will you please break up this masquerade party and tell your friends they have to go home?"

"But we're not having a masquerade. We're not..."

"Don't be impertinent, Susan. I've got ears and eyes, haven't I? I know what I heard and where the sounds came from. And I'm asking you to break up this ridiculous party before I have to come in and break it up myself."

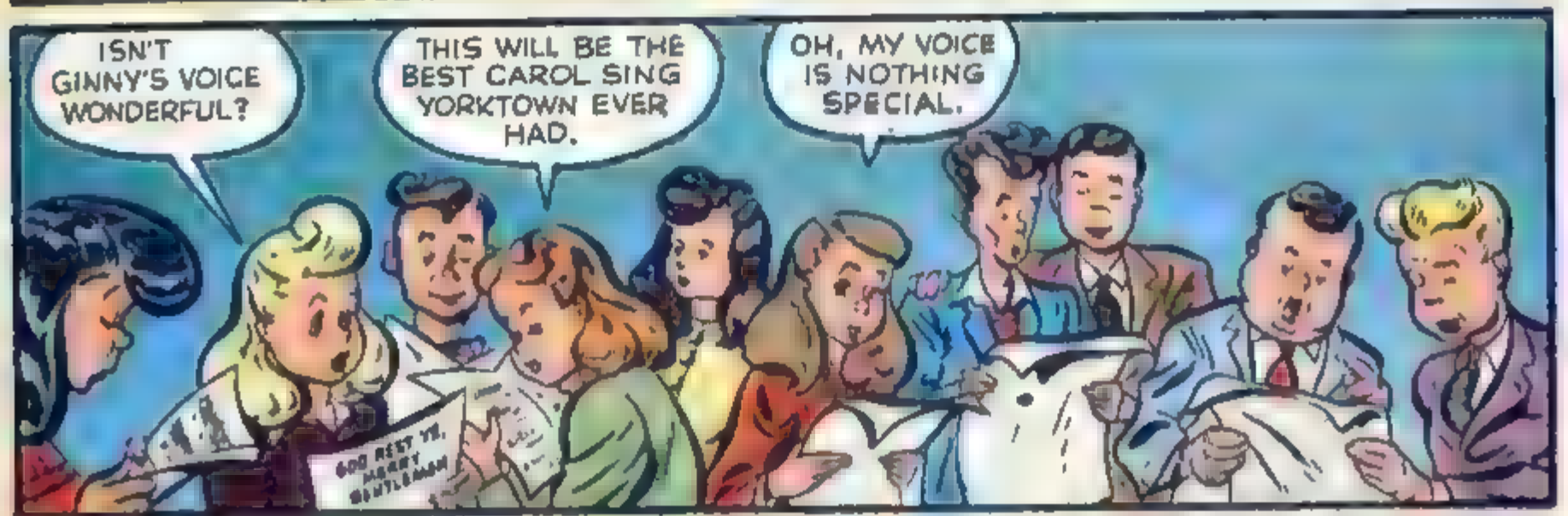
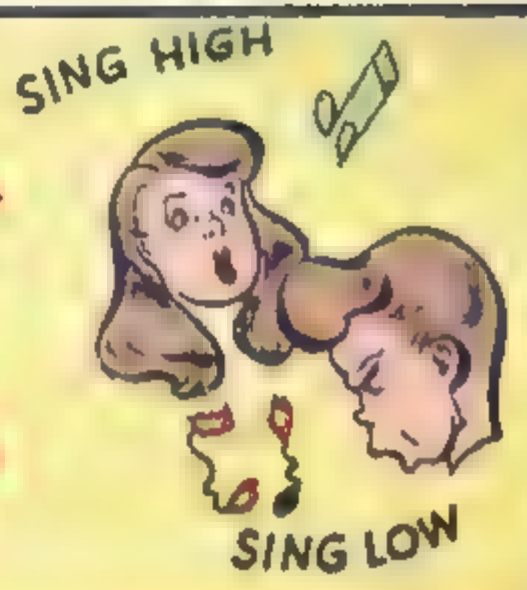
"That," declared Susan, "might not be a bad idea. You're welcome to send my friends home if you can find them. My sisters and I were under the impression that we were here alone."

With that, she turned on the lights and stepped aside to give the superintendent's wife a full view of the apartment. Three frightened girls in pajamas were peering out the bedroom door. The living room was empty except for Pete, the canary, underneath his white cover. There wasn't a phonograph in sight.

"You see," Sue faced Mrs. Draeger, "we're not having any party. There wasn't any music. I can't send my friends home when there's no one here!"

(To be continued next month)

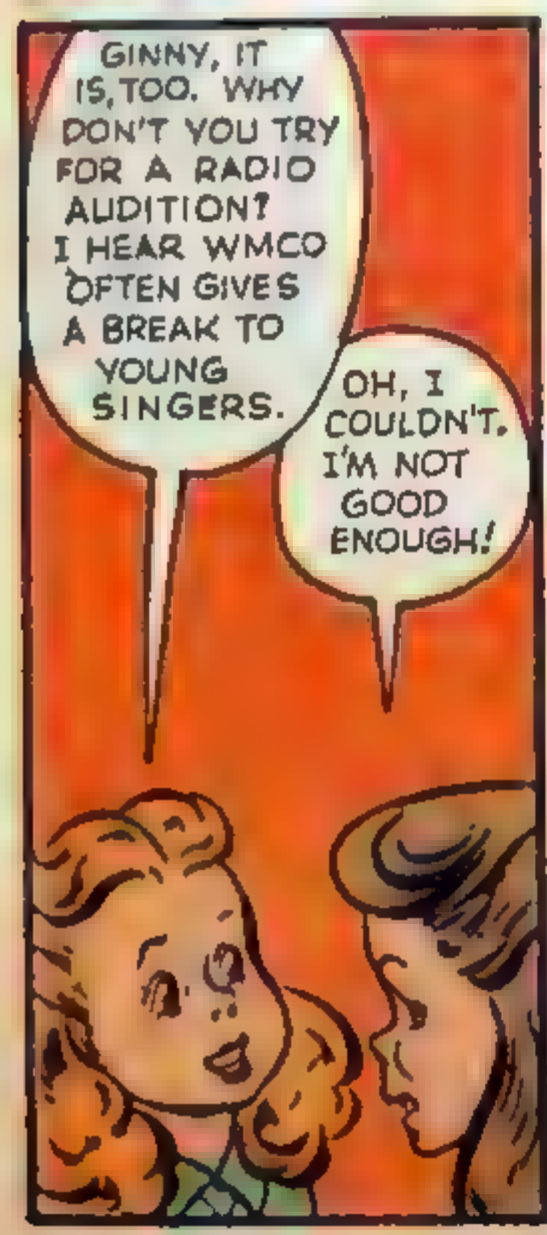
The Yorktown Younger Set...



ISN'T GINNY'S VOICE WONDERFUL?

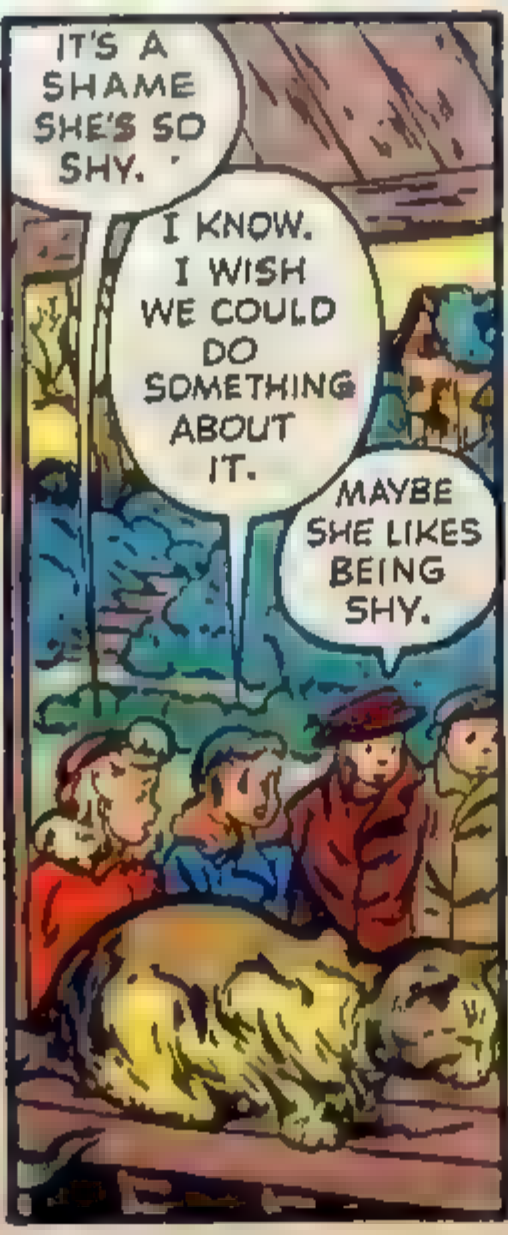
THIS WILL BE THE BEST CAROL SING YORKTOWN EVER HAD.

OH, MY VOICE IS NOTHING SPECIAL.



GINNY, IT IS, TOO. WHY DON'T YOU TRY FOR A RADIO AUDITION? I HEAR WMCO OFTEN GIVES A BREAK TO YOUNG SINGERS.

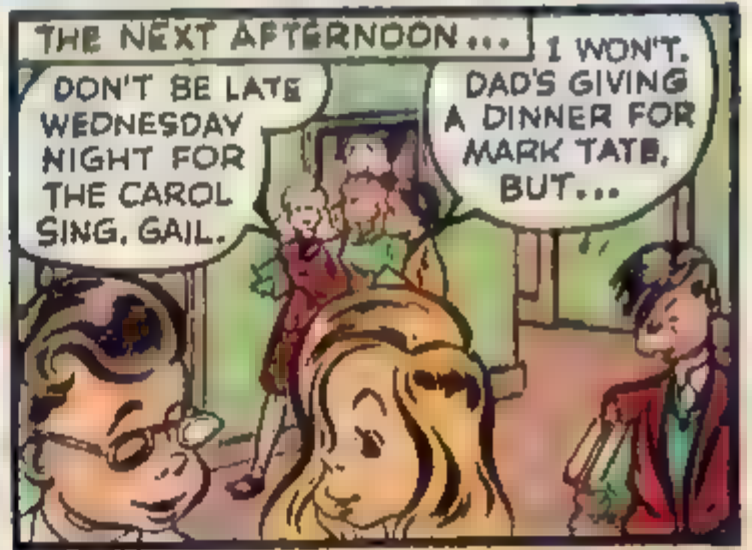
OH, I COULDN'T. I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH!



IT'S A SHAME SHE'S SO SHY.

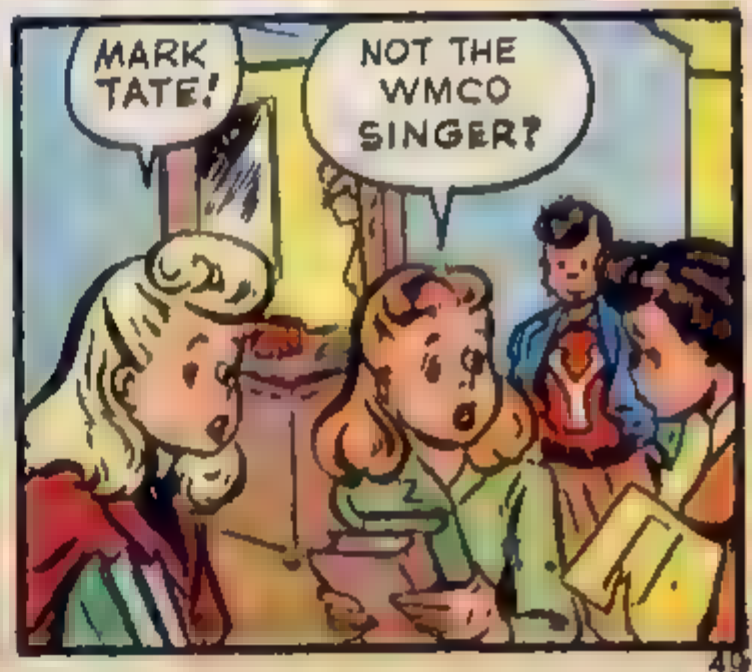
I KNOW. I WISH WE COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

MAYBE SHE LIKES BEING SHY.



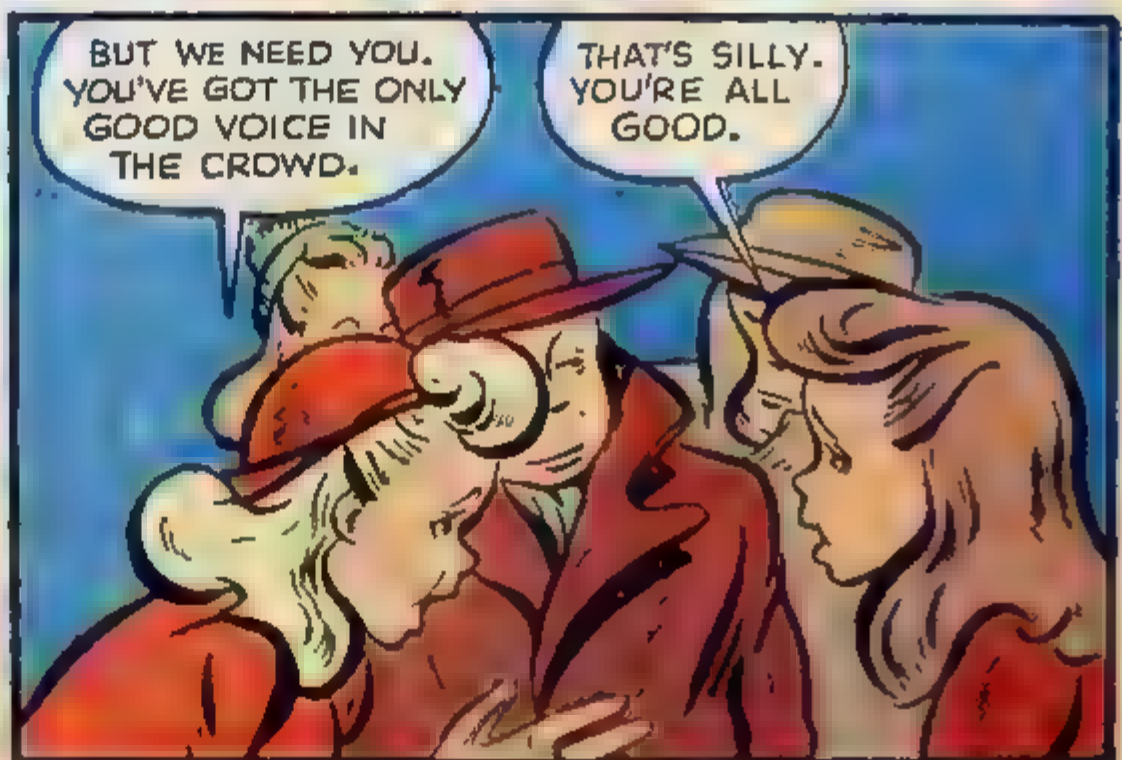
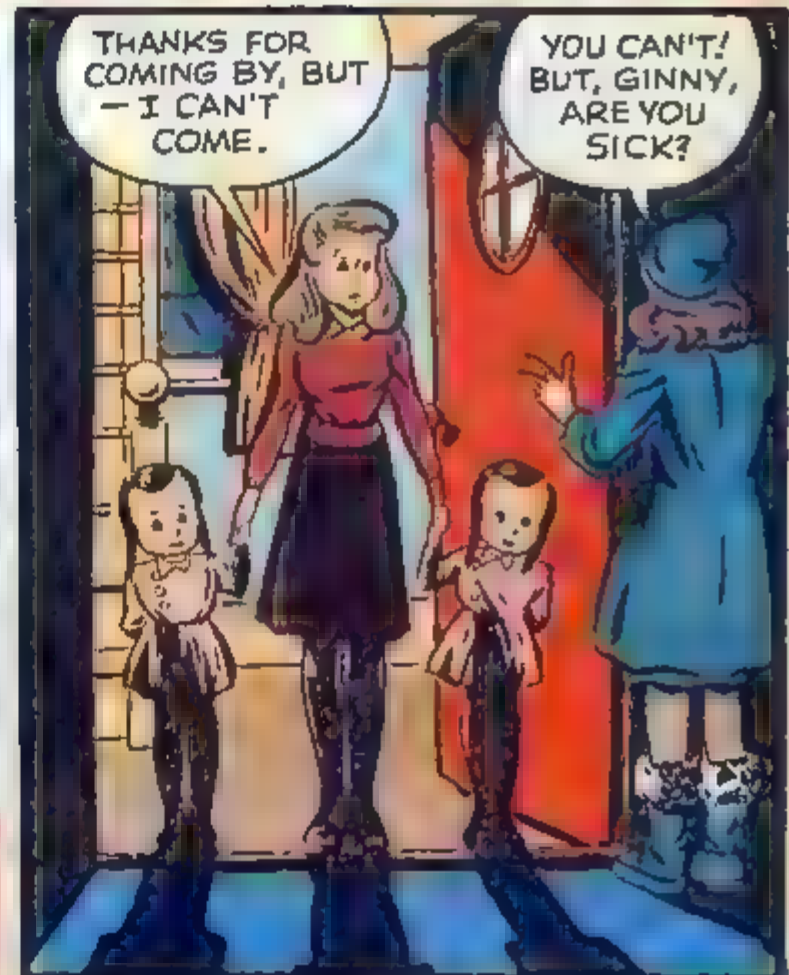
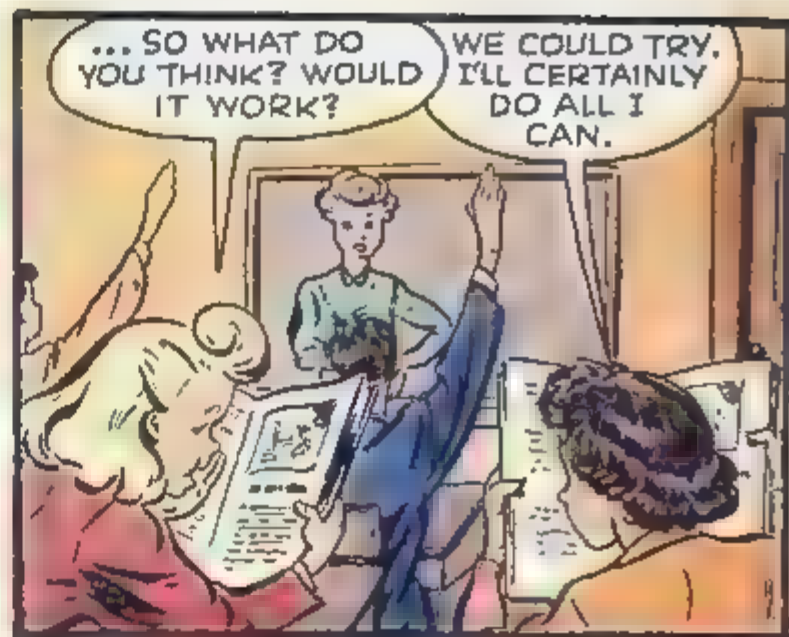
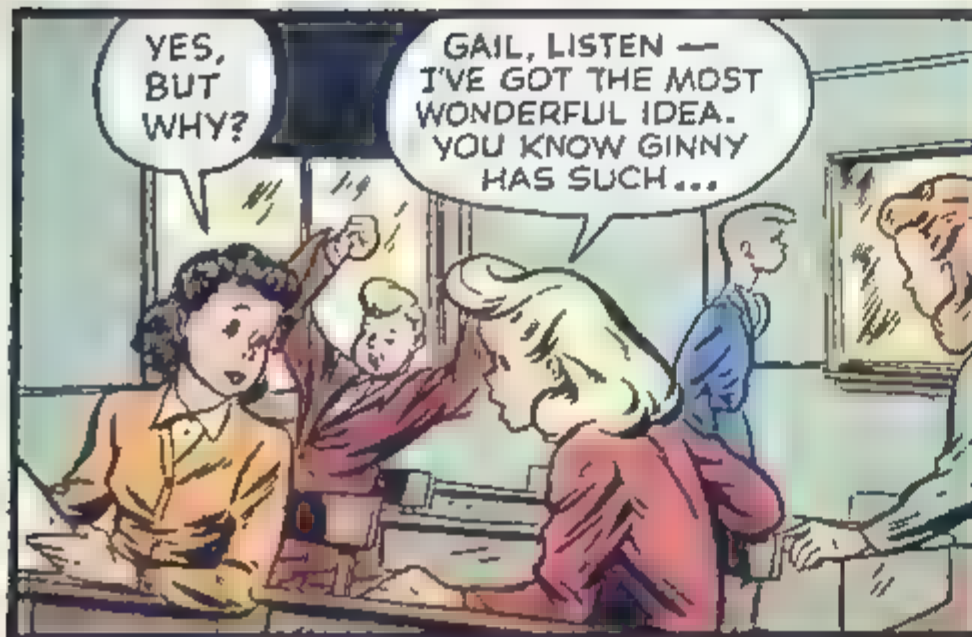
THE NEXT AFTERNOON... DON'T BE LATE WEDNESDAY NIGHT FOR THE CAROL SING, GAIL.

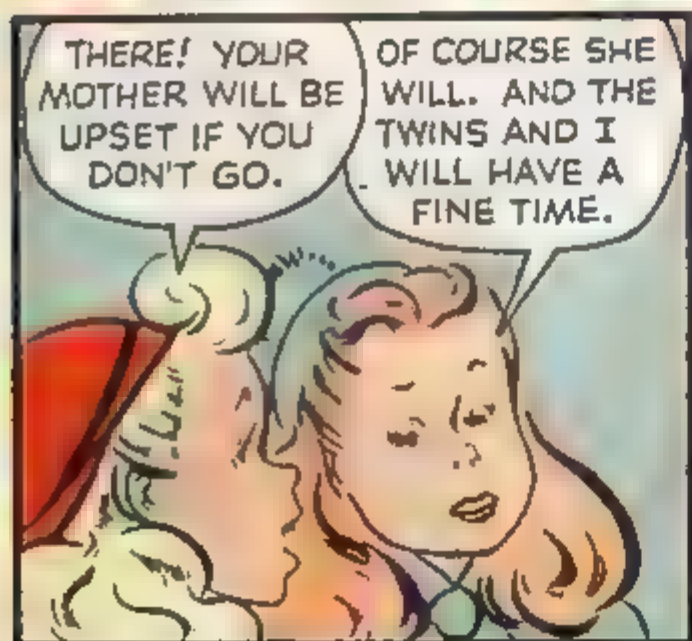
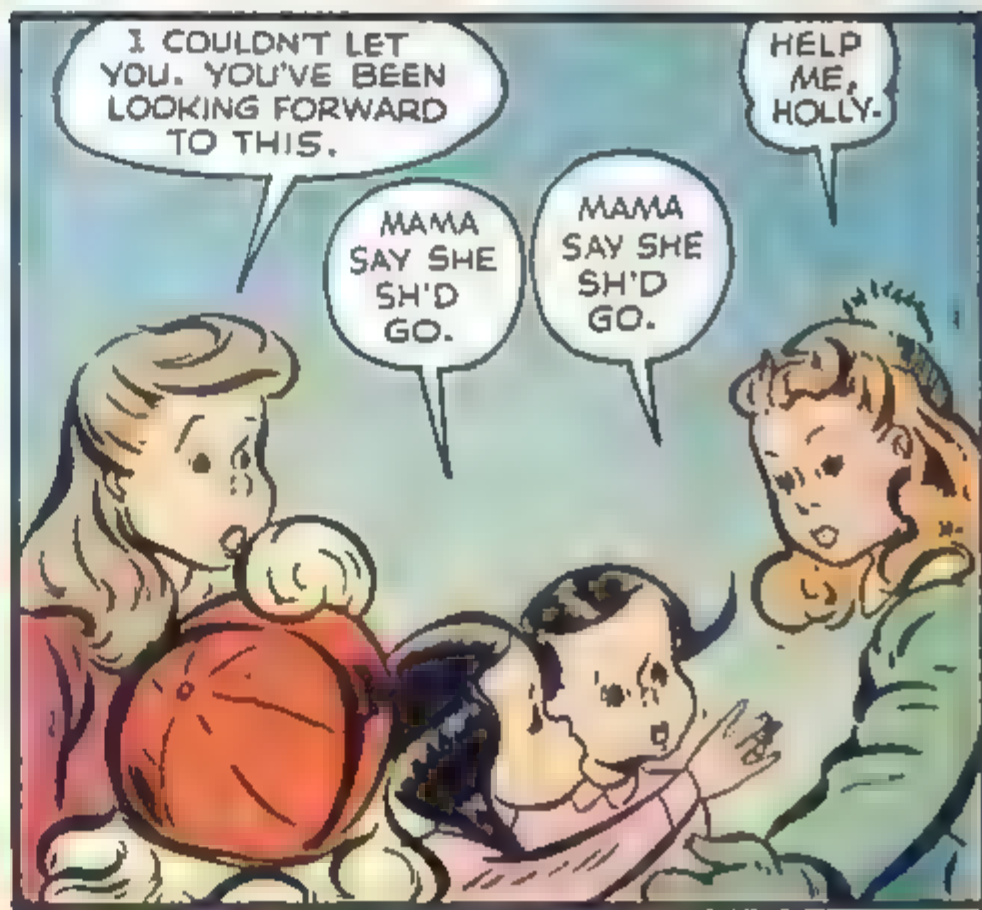
I WON'T. DAD'S GIVING A DINNER FOR MARK TATE, BUT...

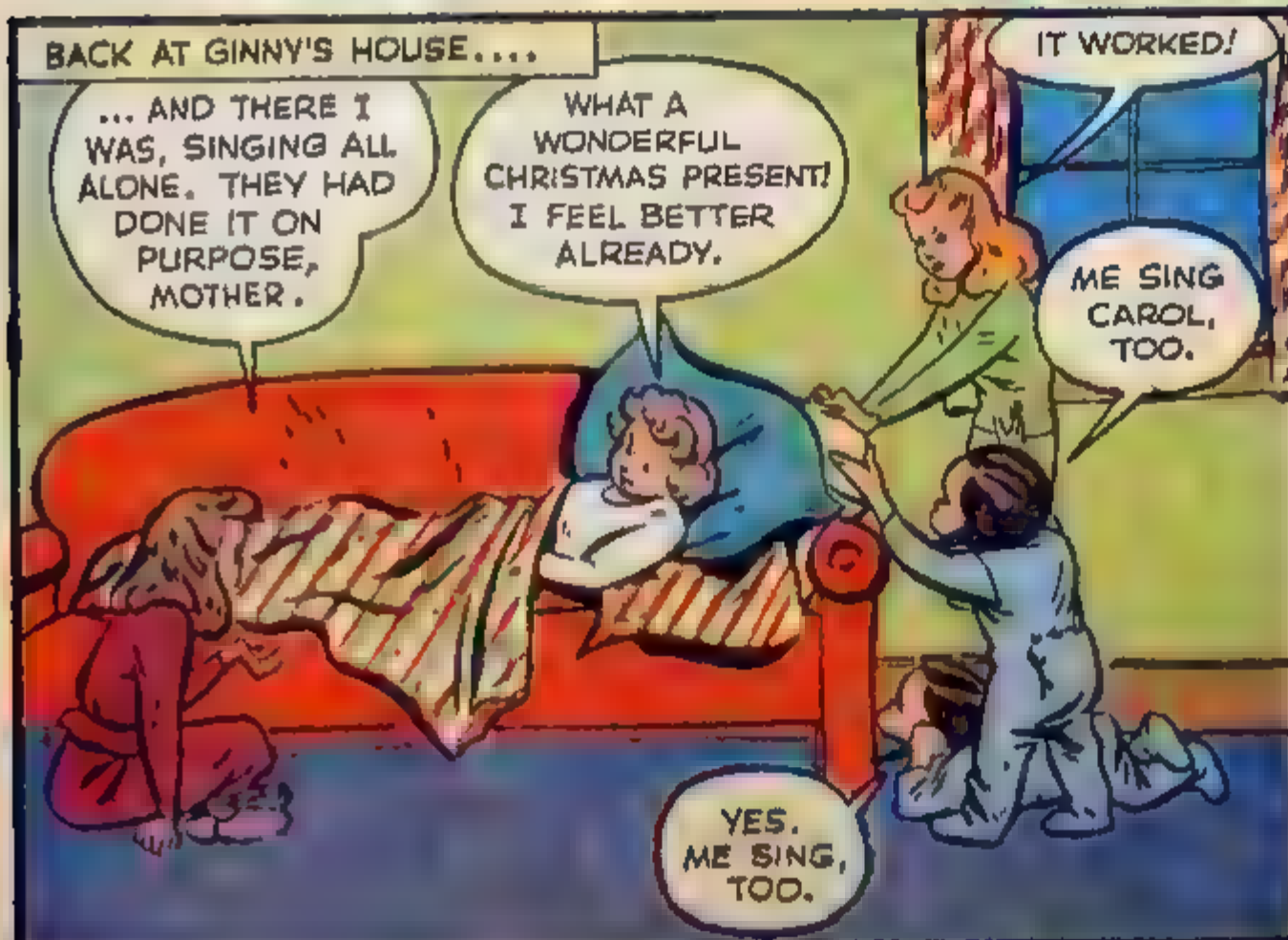
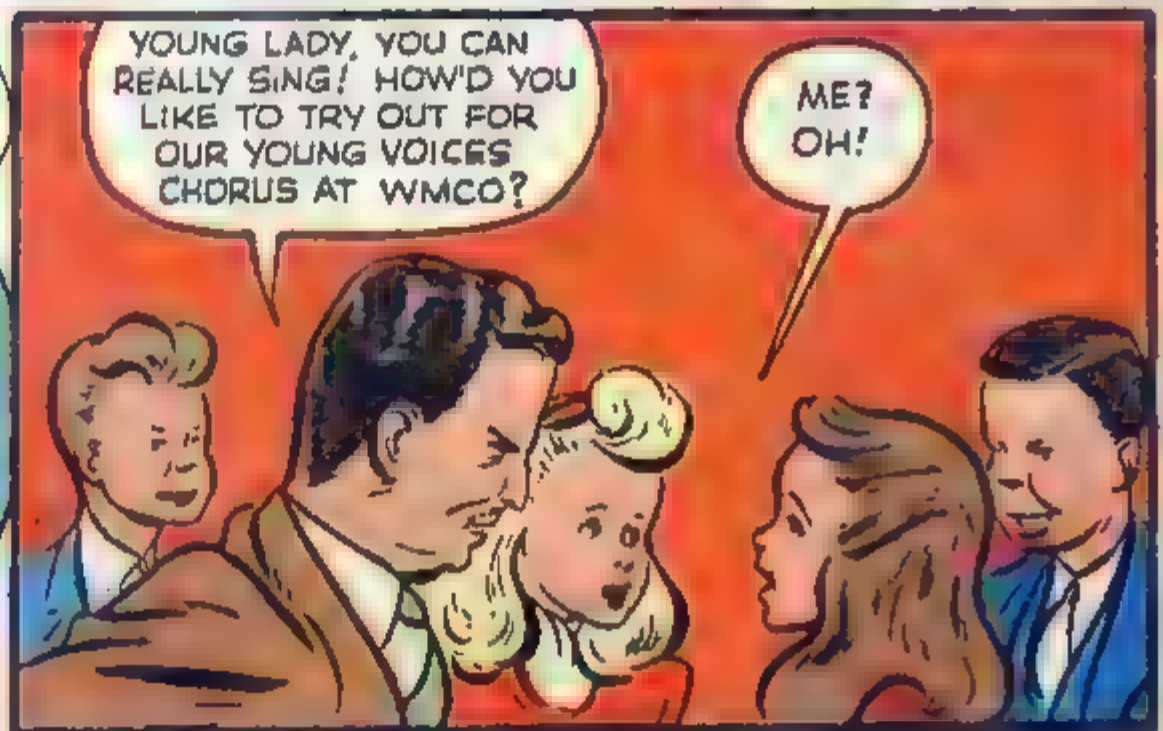
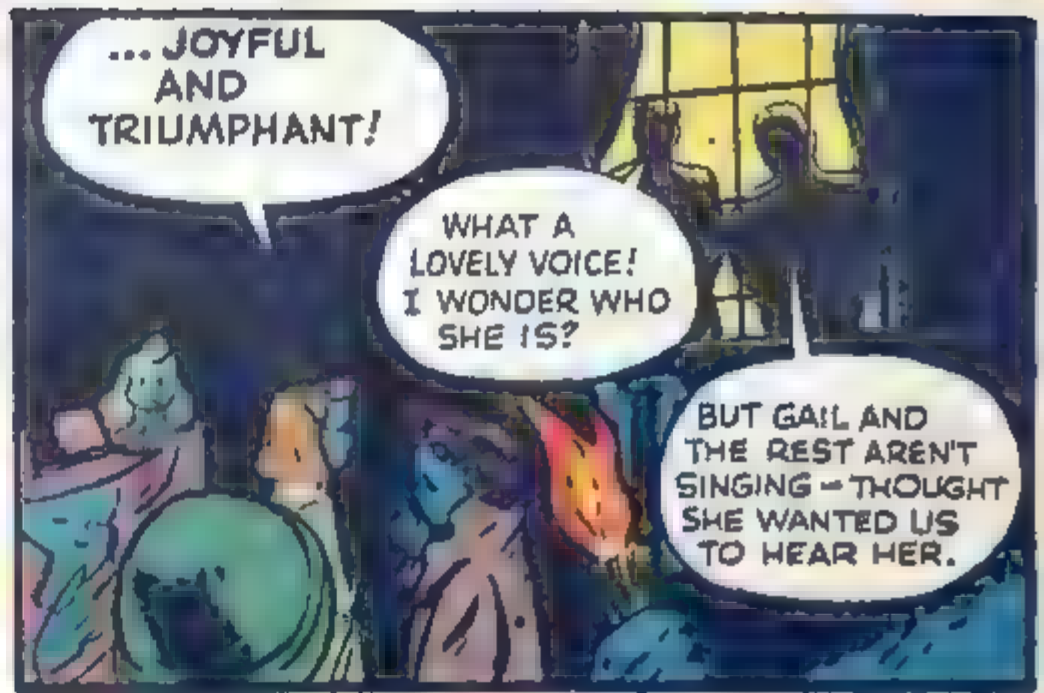
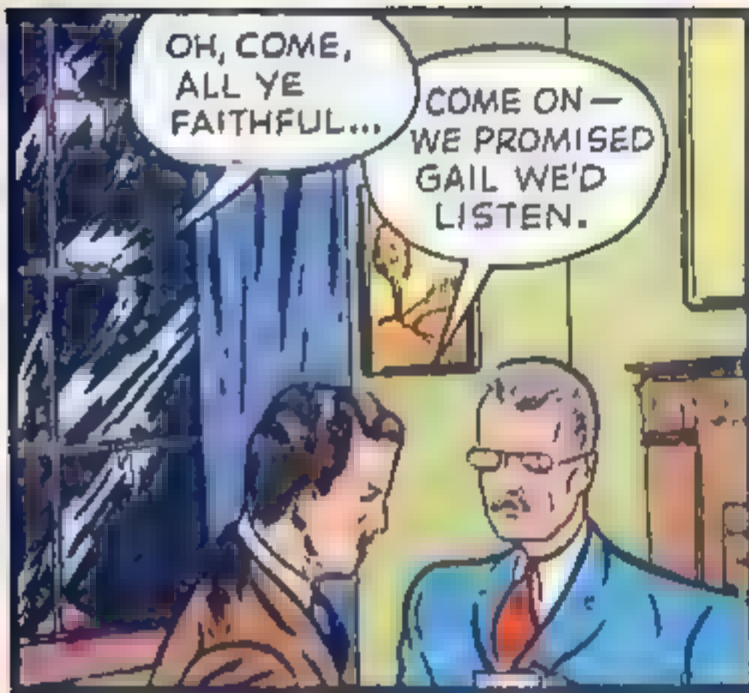


MARK TATE!

NOT THE WMCO SINGER?







The Yorktown Younger Set

STARTS THE NEW YEAR RIGHT BY ORGANIZING A VICTORY CLUB. LOOK FOR IT IN THE NEW ISSUE OF CALLING ALL GIRLS OUT ABOUT THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

Be Crafty this Christmas

And clever, too, sweet maid! You can save your pennies, but you don't have to neglect your friends

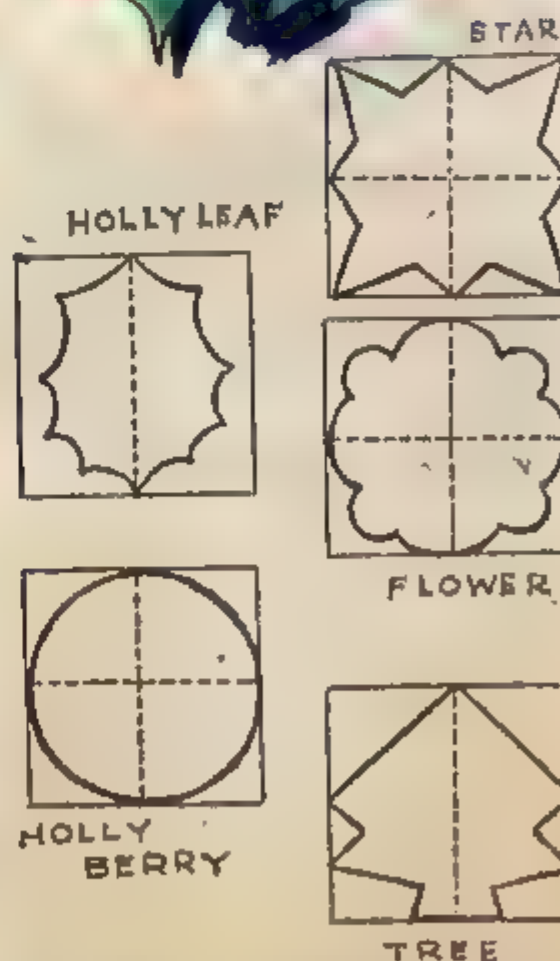
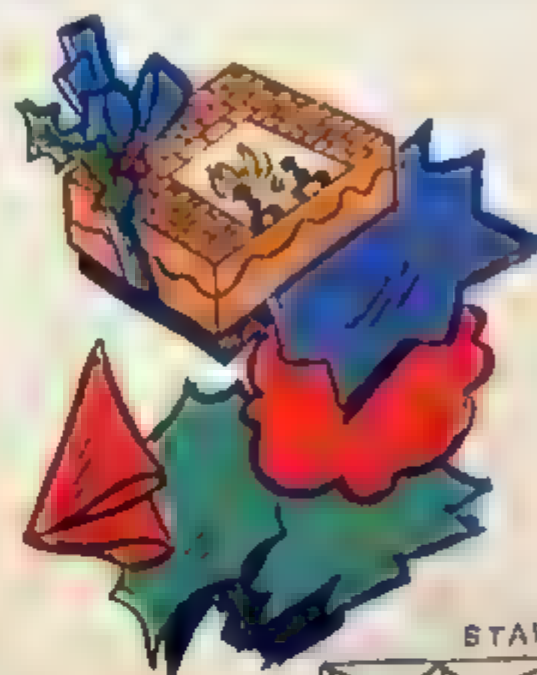
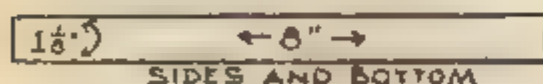
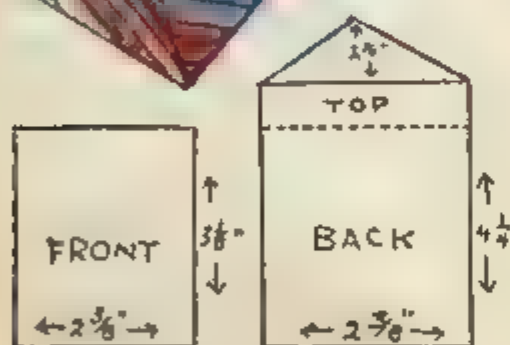
By MASHA

Illustrator of "A Child's Book of Christmas Carols"

BE a spendthrift with your time, your hands, and your creative impulses. The following ideas for making your own Christmas presents have the great advantage of being so original that no one will think of their price—not for one little moment! So come along and do your Christmas tinkering bright and early!

strip comes out of the narrow section. Fit them together wrong side out, and sew up the seams of the three sides with backstitch, one-eighth of an inch from edge. Turn inside out. Hem unfinished edges along flap and top of sides. Finish the cigarette case with a crocheted loop and tiny button.

edge. Combine zany colors and plan at least one pair to shock some male out of his stoic calm. One pair sketched has pompons that are genuine dish mops. In this case the soles have been stiffened with red oilcloth attached in the same manner as the felt. Cute and comfortable.

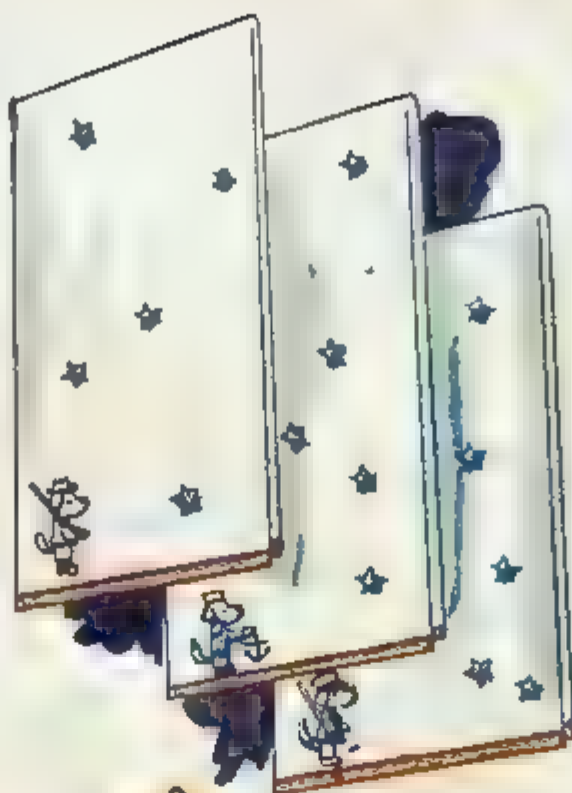


Daddy's Old Red Tie. No! This year you are not going to be old-hat about Daddy's present. You are not going to get by with just another tie. Instead you will quietly steal one from his closet (with Mother's help), one hopelessly frayed but his most dearly beloved. You will turn it into a cigarette-package holder. First rip the tie open and spread flat on a table. Cut out three pieces according to diagram, measuring by a package of cigarettes plus a quarter of an inch for seams. The long

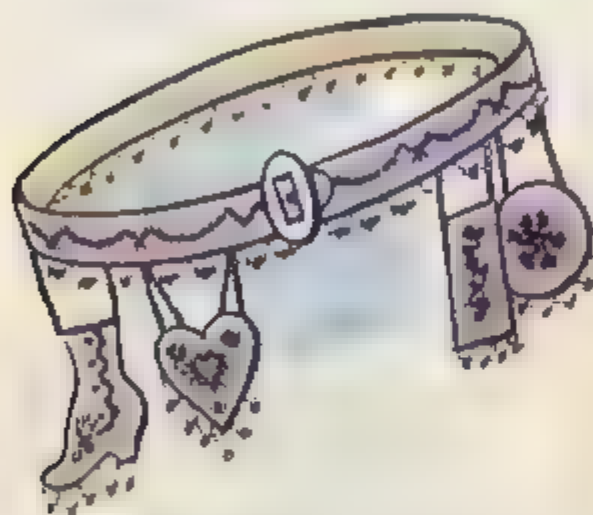
Fireplace Comfort. For sports lovers, make these sock booties from a pair of woolen socks, plus soles cut out of discarded felt hats. Make a pattern by drawing around sole of the foot on a piece of cardboard. Use the pattern first to cut the felt soles and then insert it in the sock to give a stiff body while you're sewing. Attach the felt to the sock bottom, using wool and a pretty feather stitch which you may continue up the sides to form clocks. Add woolen fringe along the top

Useful and Unique. Those are the words for this novel set of handkerchiefs that have been cut into odd shapes. Start with fine white lawn or cotton and cut out eight-inch squares. Fold them over once to cut the

holly leaf and tree. Fold twice to cut the star, the berry, and the flower. Dotted lines in diagram indicate where material has been folded. Hand roll and hem all the edges. Now dye the tree and the leaf green, the star blue, and the berry and flower red. For dyeing purposes it is cheaper to plan several sets. Don't muss up the kitchen or laundry unless you have already had some experience fussing with dyes. If you get Mother to help you, you can really go to town, for the responsibility would then be hers. Afterthought: Why not pack the handkerchiefs in a gift box painted to resemble a fireplace—neat?



should be placed in what becomes the lower left-hand corner after the towel is folded. The drawings shown here can be traced on transparent paper, the back rubbed with soft pencil and then retraced onto the towel. Then your needle starts!

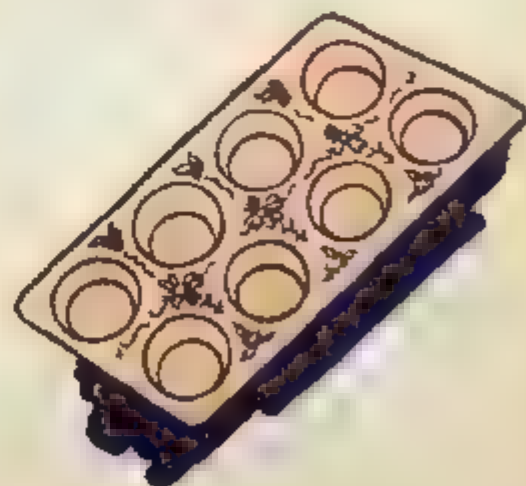


Midvictoriously Yours. A belt dripping with bead fringe and adorable little pockets for mirror, comb, keys, and carfare. Take a waist-size length of corduroy two inches wide in any bright color, and embroider lavishly with beads. Turn in edges and line with belting material. Finish with shiny buckle. From same corduroy, cut two heart-shaped pieces, two old-fashioned little shoe-shaped pieces, two rectangular pieces, and any other you can think of. Sew each pair together on three sides, leaving an opening on top wide enough to permit articles to be slipped in with ease. Embroider these pockets, too. We hope you are a whiz at hearts and flowers and don't spare them. Hang the pockets at intervals from the belt with strings of beads. Finish with fringe or scallops as shown. It's gay and original. Give this to a smart girl, for it is to be worn on an ever-so-simple dress and not otherwise.



Stuck? Use Stitches. Embroidered guest towels have special meaning if sent to a house that will lodge the extra-special guest—and we mean the soldier, the sailor, or the marine! Otherwise these cute little fellas are just as attractive to us civilians. Starting with plain white linen, embroider blue stars at random, each about one-half inch in diameter. Add solid border of red, one-fourth inch wide, in buttonhole stitch. Figures

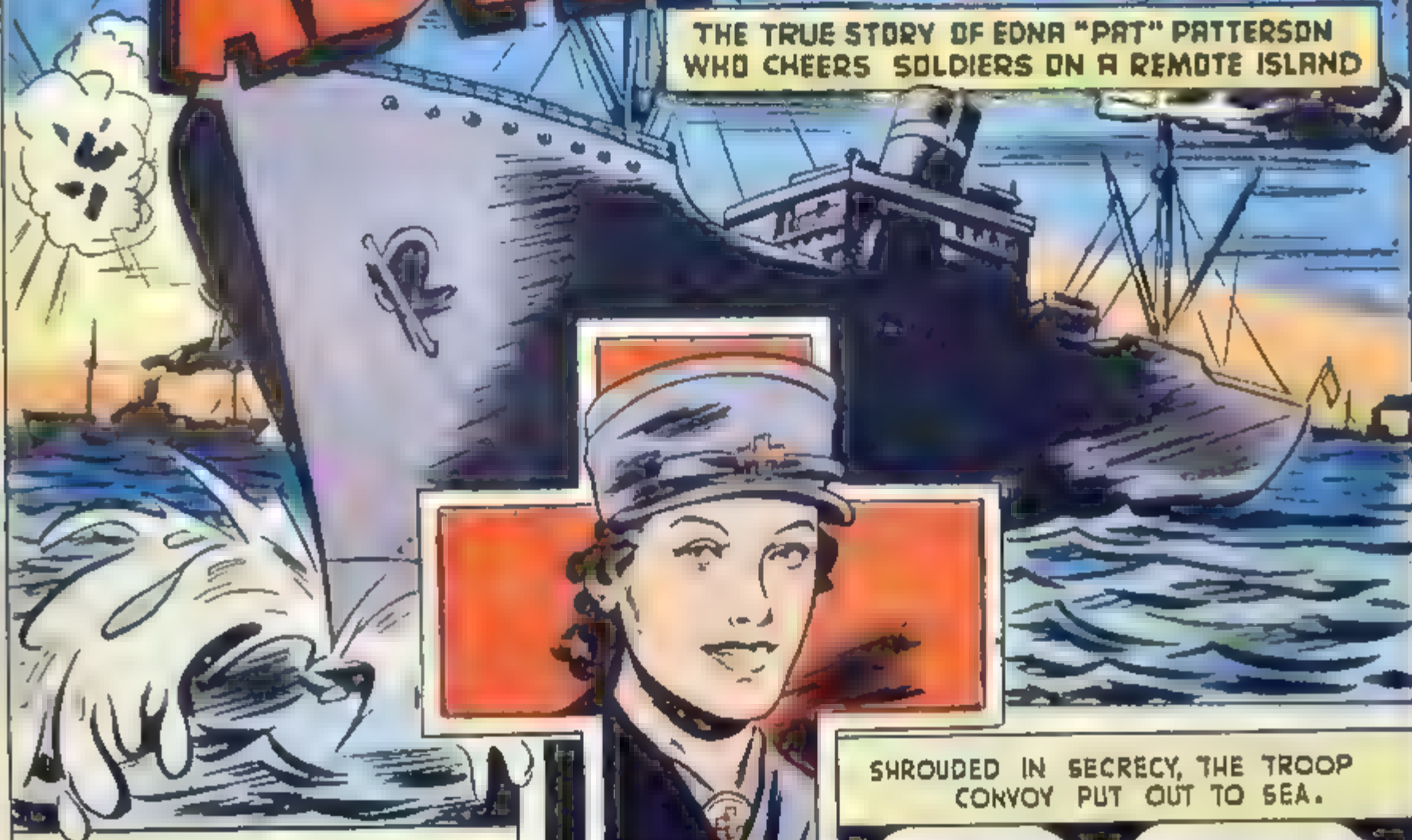
Sampler Sensation. That's this bracelet fashioned out of a strip of old wire window screening. With metal shears, cut a strip about an inch and a half wide and find length by curving a piece of paper around the fist. Embroider like a sampler, making up the design yourself. Join the ends together with wool. Cover edges carefully with velvet ribbon to prevent scratching. You can make napkin rings this way with embroidered names.



Utility Tray. An unusual dresser-top dresser-upper is the tray to catch stray hairpins, loose buttons, etc. It is made out of an old muffin tin, enameled and decorated with your own concoctions or with small floral decalcomanias. For presentation, it may come laden with little sachets or packets of Christmas candy wrapped in wax paper or even safety pins.

ISLAND ADVENTURE

THE TRUE STORY OF EDNA "PAT" PATTERSON
WHO CHEERS SOLDIERS ON A REMOTE ISLAND



WHEN THE UNITED STATES
ENTERED THE WAR...

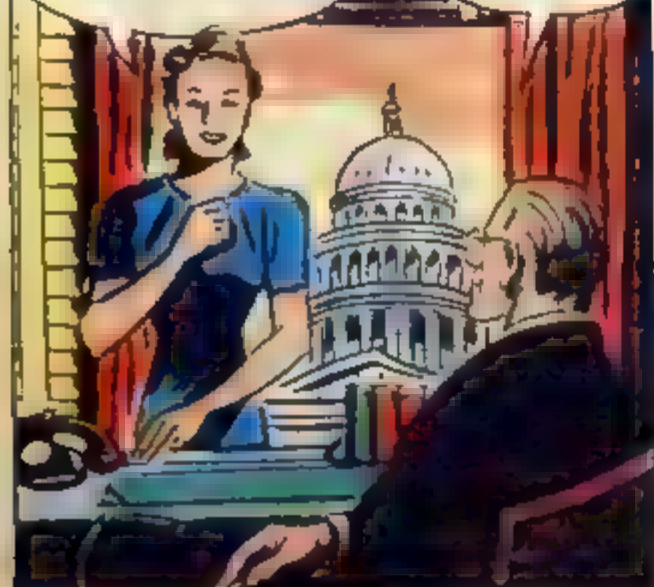
I'VE VOLUNTEERED
FOR OVERSEAS
SERVICE AS A
SECRETARY WITH
THE RED CROSS.

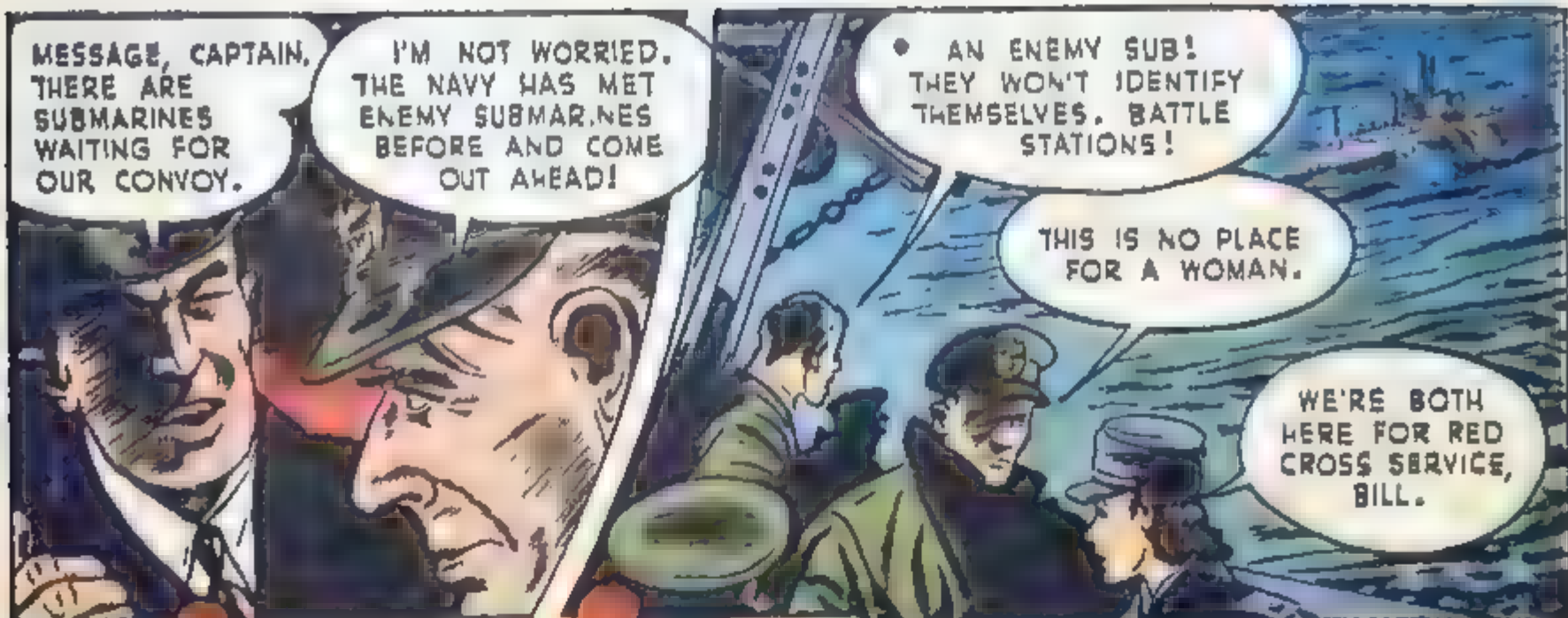
WE'LL
MISS YOU,
MISS
PATTERSON.

THEY SAY WE'RE
HEADED FOR
ICELAND.

I GOT IT
STRAIGHT—
WE'RE GOING
TO INDIA.

HOPE IT'S
THE SOUTH SEA
ISLANDS.





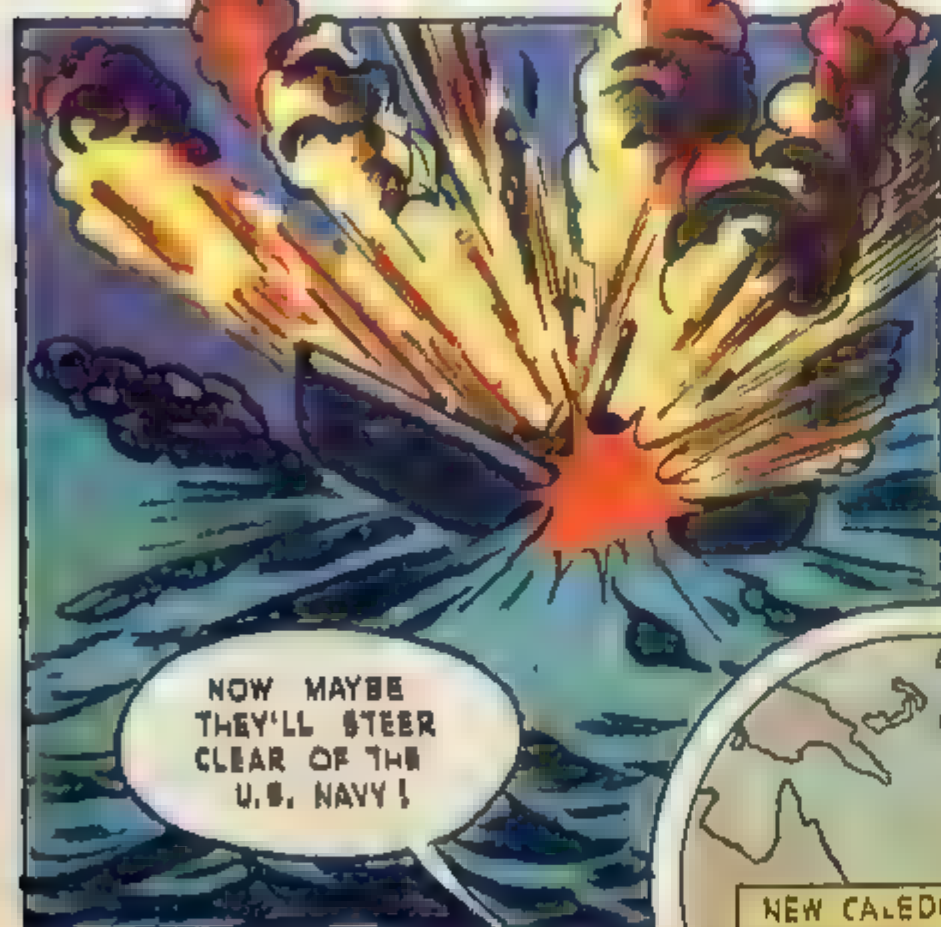
MESSAGE, CAPTAIN.
THERE ARE
SUBMARINES
WAITING FOR
OUR CONVOY.

I'M NOT WORRIED.
THE NAVY HAS MET
ENEMY SUBMARINES
BEFORE AND COME
OUT AHEAD!

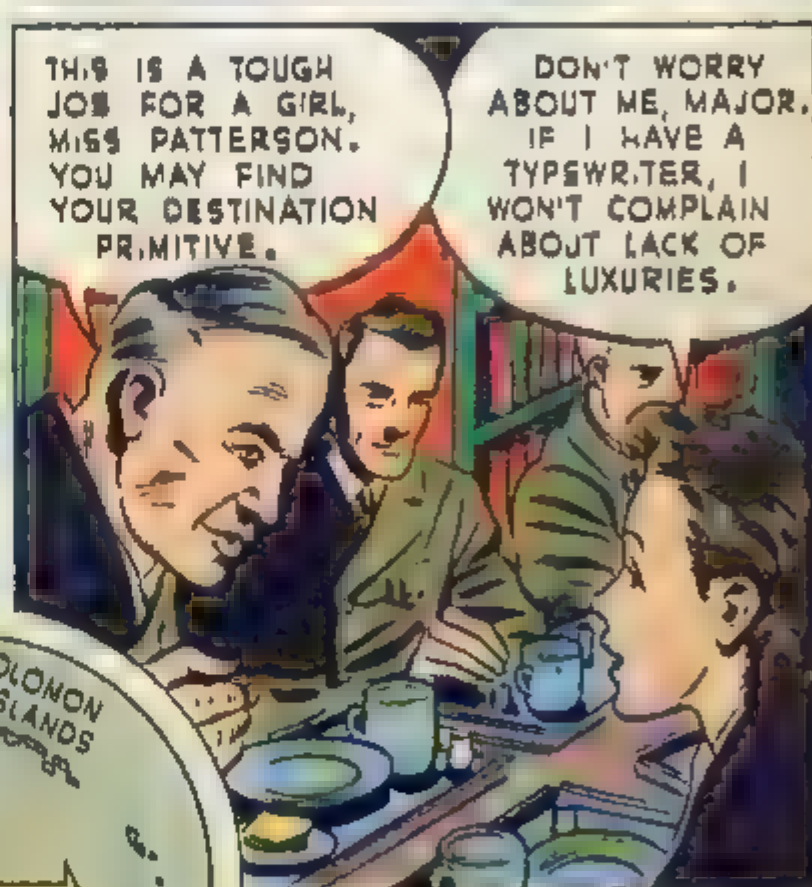
• AN ENEMY SUB!
THEY WON'T IDENTIFY
THEMSELVES. BATTLE
STATIONS!

THIS IS NO PLACE
FOR A WOMAN.

WE'RE BOTH
HERE FOR RED
CROSS SERVICE,
BILL.



NOW MAYBE
THEY'LL STEER
CLEAR OF THE
U.S. NAVY!



THIS IS A TOUGH
JOB FOR A GIRL,
MISS PATTERSON.
YOU MAY FIND
YOUR DESTINATION
PRIMITIVE.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME, MAJOR.
IF I HAVE A
TYPEWRITER, I
WON'T COMPLAIN
ABOUT LACK OF
LUXURIES.



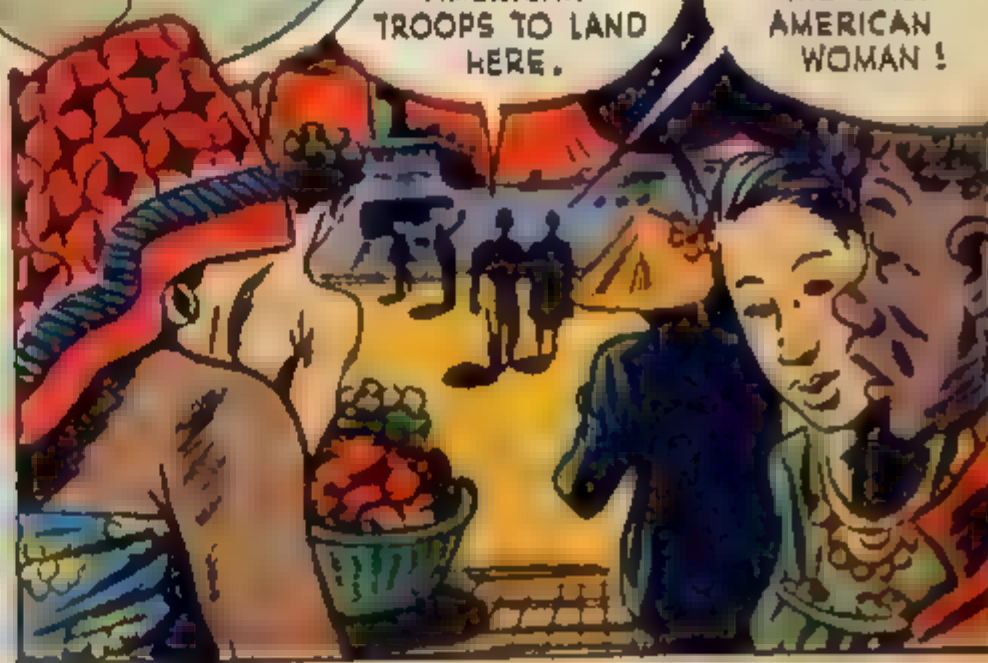
AFTER TWO WEEKS AT SEA, A
TROPIC ISLAND WAS SIGHTED IN
THE DISTANCE.

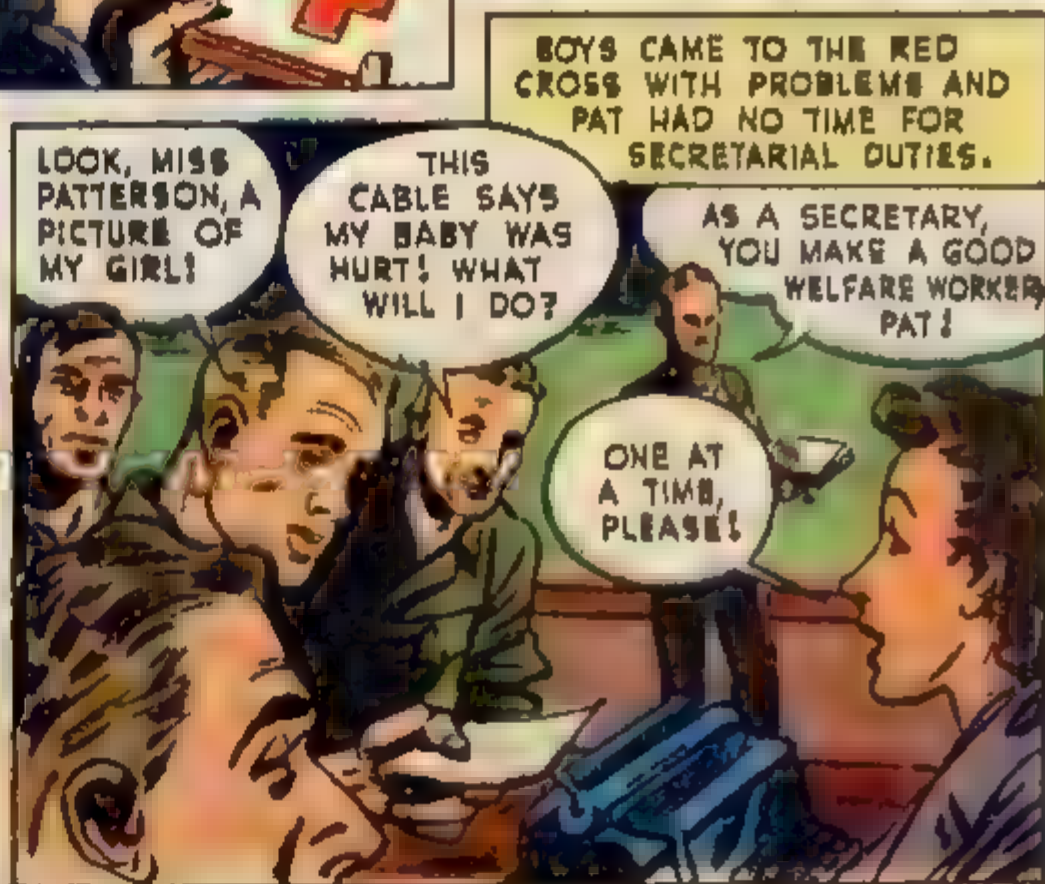
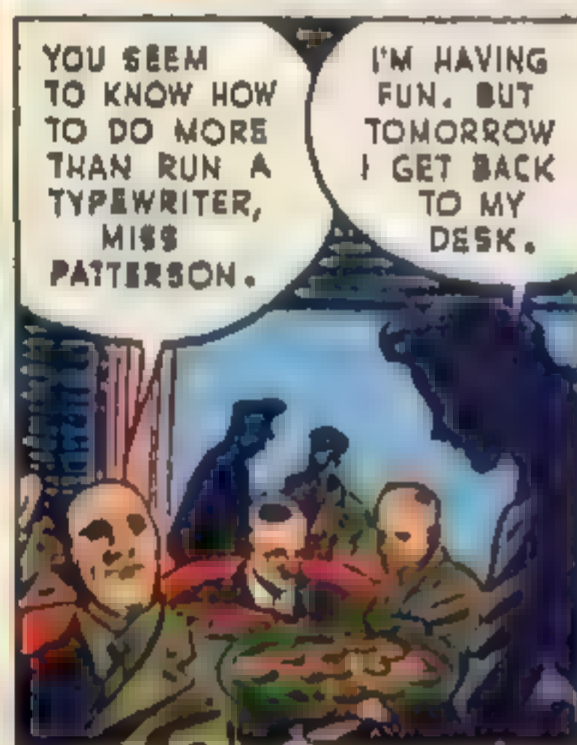
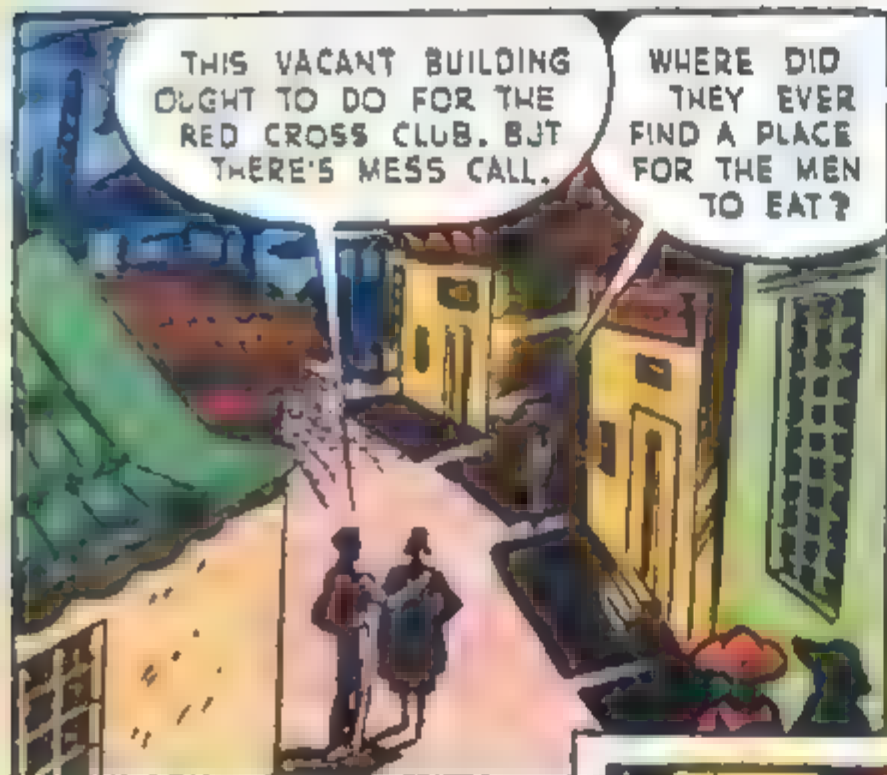
THAT'S OUR
DESTINATION—
NOUMEA, NEW
CALEDONIA.

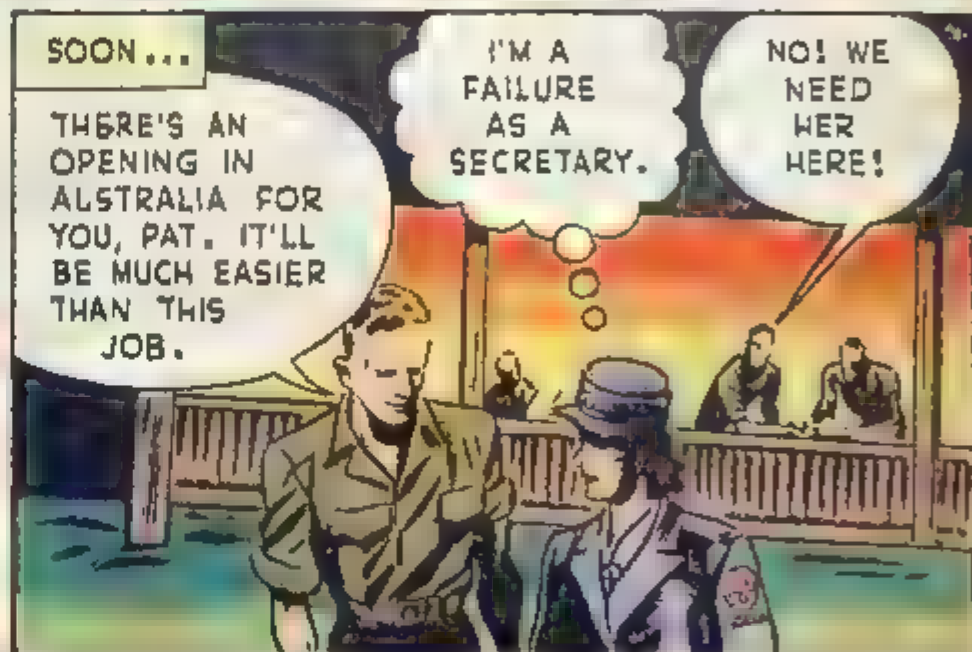
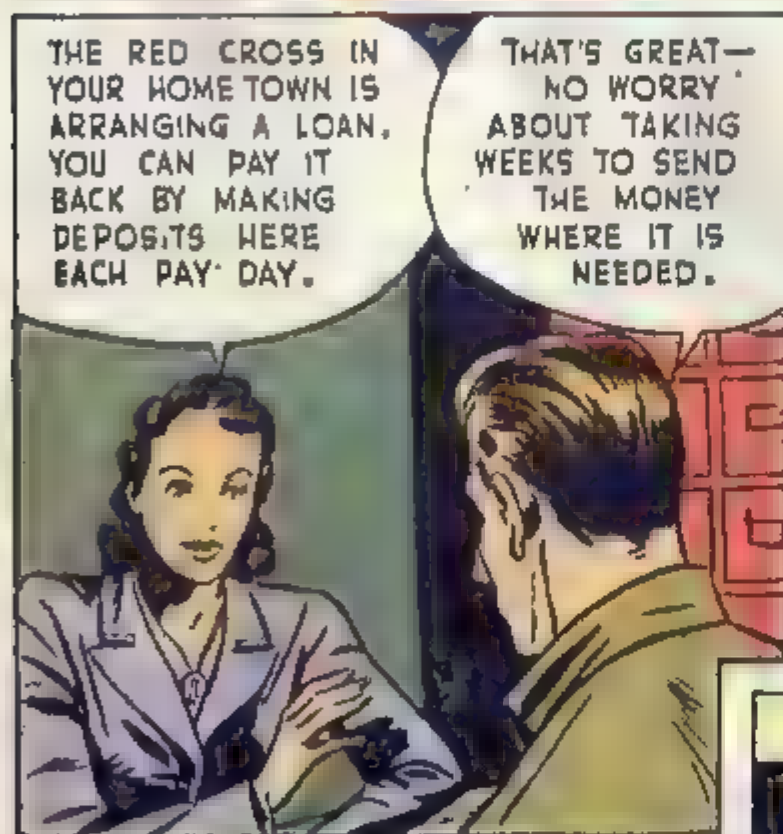
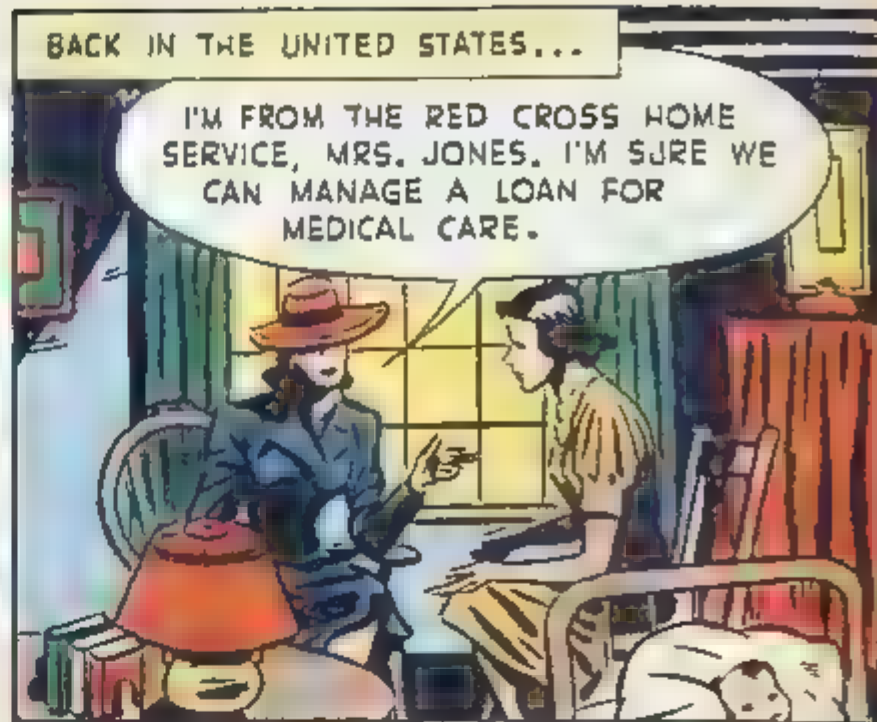
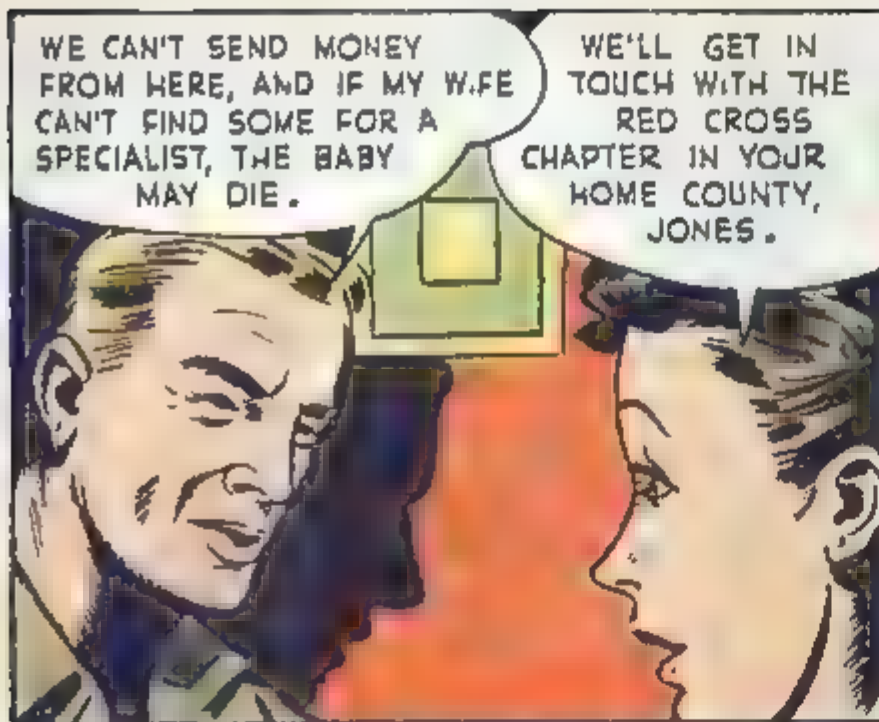
I REMEMBER—
IT GUARDS THE
EASTERN GATEWAY
TO AUSTRALIA.

THESE ARE
THE FIRST
AMERICAN
TROOPS TO LAND
HERE.

AND I
SEEM TO BE
THE ONLY
AMERICAN
WOMAN!







THIS CHRISTMAS WE WANT SUBSCRIPTIONS!

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and REAL HEROES

...and
CALLING ALL GIRLS
for me!

I WANT
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*In Canada—TRUE PICTURE-MAGAZINE.

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ALL GIRLS**

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**FUNNY
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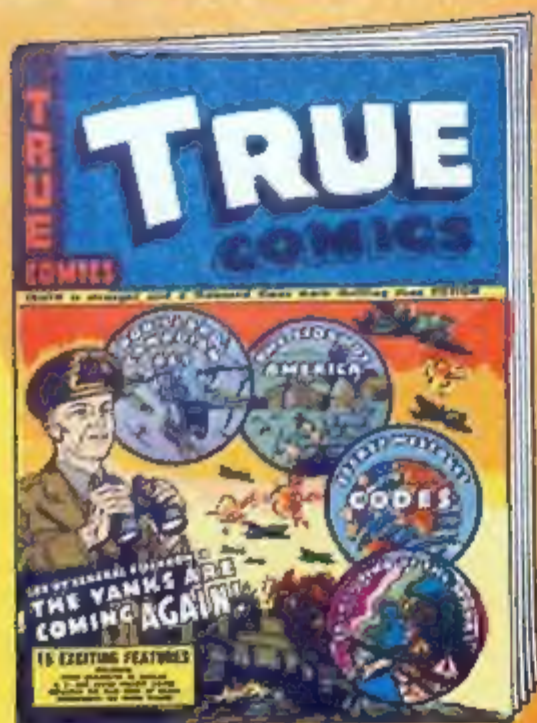
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CALLING ALL GIRLS

(14) V3:1

COVER - photo

JAN. 1943

MAGIC BLADES - SONJA HENIE Corrine Dixon? 5
The Haunted Apartment by Margaret Sutton^{wt}

illus. Corinne Boyd Dillon^o 3

Judy Wing Plays Santa Claus Lynch? & Glankoff? 5

SHINE CHRISTMAS STAR by Thelma Knoles^{wt} ill. V.H.^{*} 5

NOT VIC HERMAN!!!

= Violet Moore Higgins?

Mystery At The Lookout by Carolyn Keene^{wt} ? 4

Let's Talk Things Over by Alice Barr Grayson^{wt} ill. ? 1½

AMERICA'S CHILDREN by Marcia Lee^{wt} illus. ? 3

SWEET AS SUGAR	by JANE RICHARDS	^{W*} ILL. ?	1 1/2
GIVE AND TAKE	by ELEANOR BOYKIN ^{W*}	ILLUS. - BVA*	1 2/3
BLOSSOM OUT INTO WINTER PASTELS		?	1
"KILNED DILERS" FOR CHRISTMAS	DOLLAR	?	1
GIRL SABOTEUR	DOUGLAS GRANT?		3
THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET	SPARKLING & ASH		4
BE CRAFTY THIS CHRISTMAS	by MASHA ^{W*}	ILL. MASHA*	2
ISLAND ADVENTURE	GLANKOFF		4